

F I N G A L,

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P O E M

I N S I X B O O K S,

B Y

O S S I A N:

TRANSLATED FROM THE

O R I G I N A L G A L I C

B Y

Mr. M A C P H E R S O N,

A N D

Rendered into VERSE from that TRANSLATION.

O X F O R D:

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BRITISH

TOP

IN SIX BOOKS

OF

TRANSLATED FROM THE

ORIGINAL



M. MACPHERSON

AND

REVIEWED AND CORRECTED BY THE TRANSLATOR

OF THE

Printed by J. and J. Whittaker, in the Strand; T. Parker, at the
British Museum; and J. and F. Colnaghi, in Pall Mall.

P R E F A C E.

IN the year 1761 Mr. Macpherson published the Poem of FINGAL, accompanied with other works, translated from the Galic language: of which, a little before some fragments had been printed by the same Author. The poetical spirit, with which those writings are animated, excited a general attention, and engaged the admiration of persons of a refined taste in this and other kingdoms.—It was scarcely imagined that in the remote Age of a nation, in which Barbarism was thought to have reigned, any work worthy of public regard could be produced: but, on perusal, the inferior pieces were found possess'd of great poetical beauties, while FINGAL and *Temora* had all the qualities which are the principal characteristics of an Epic Poem.

From considerations of this kind, very unfavorable conclusions were deduced—Among others, the authenticity of those Poems was called in question—It was asserted, that they

were obtruded on the public as the traditionary remains of ancient ages, when no such remains really existed; or at least that they had received considerable alterations and embellishments.

All imputations of this kind have been satisfactorily answered—Gentlemen have been appealed to, who live in the Highlands, who understand the Original, and have often heard those Poems recited—The 7th book of *Temora* in the Galic language is inserted in the last edition, and the Original is deposited in the Musæum.

Whilst the Editor was thus defending himself, there were not wanting persons of erudition and judgment, who warmly espoused his cause; convinced from internal marks of the originality of those Poems, they conferred the highest elogiums on them.

When the following version was made, it was on the fixed persuasion of their authenticity, no less than on account of their intrinsic excellency. In the first ages of society, laws were written, oracles delivered, and lessons of moral instruction given in verse—In verse, the renowned deeds of Patriots, Heroes, and Legislators
were

P R E F A C E: v

were recorded—Hence gratitude and emulation were kindled, and valor excited.

Poetry, thus calculated for answering different important uses, became the object of public attention. The professors of it constituted a distinct class, and heroes of illustrious rank, and possessors of supreme power, often added this accomplishment to their other titles.

In Greece, indeed, it appears, that when Homer and Hesiod immortalized their names, the Rhapsodists, though much in repute, were rather of an inferior rank. But it has been imagined, that this was a degradation of their original characters; and that they were of greater dignity in more ancient ages, when Musæus, Orpheus, and other *divini vates* (as Horace terms them) exercised it.

Poetry, however, was no where more cultivated and encouraged, than among the ancient Goths, Vandals, and other northern nations: In the countries inhabited by them the Runic Poetry had its origin, and the Scaldi, an order wholly devoted to the study and practice of it, were persons of the most distinguished rank.

In Ireland, the same profession had even a superior degree of dignity and pre-eminence;
and

and it appears by incontestible evidence, that in early ages, the same institutions and customs prevailed in Scotland, which were established in the other Celtic nations.

The time when FINGAL reigned, cannot perhaps be precisely ascertained.—Mr. Macpherson imagines that * Caracalla was defeated by him in the year 211. In whatever age the expedition (which is the subject of the following Poem) was made, it appears that Ossian, his son, personally attended him, both as a Bard and Warrior. This Poem probably had its origin from recitements made at public festivals, soon after the conclusion of the war; and the Author digested at leisure hours, what he had repeated perhaps extempore, into its present form.—A monument of filial piety and national honor, no less than of his own sublime genius!

Not only in this, but likewise in his other Poems, may be found a frequent transition from Narrative to Ode—A singularity, in which he greatly differs from the Grecian bard; for Homer brought Epic Poetry to its highest perfection, and refrained from blending them together.

* See the first Note on *Comala*.

Offian is remarkable for energy of expression and simplicity of style.—We, who live in a state of polished life, frequently indulge ourselves in frivolous conceits, far-fetch'd allusions, and thus degenerate into a false sublime. The rude scenes of Nature, so exquisitely painted by Offian, would not affect a modern writer in the same manner, and consequently could not be so expressively described by him. His characters are sustained with spirit and propriety—Their speeches, such as must necessarily proceed from the feelings of the human breast, untaught by Science, and uncultivated by Art—Their language is the language of Nature, and their allusions taken from objects immediately before them.

It is hoped that the present attempt needs no apology.—One of the first Authors, who writ remarks on the Original, observed, “That though the Translation was excellent, it were to be wished that it had been in Verse rather than in Prose.”—The Translator himself, in some notes on those Poems, expressed his sense of this, and judged that the harmony of versification was wanting at least to the Lyric parts of Offian's Poems.

To those who are well acquainted with the Original, the following Version may appear to have too modern an air; to others who are not, it may seem too antiquated. The Author endeavoured to keep between the two extremes; but hopes he has not departed from the simplicity of the Original, which makes one of its peculiar beauties. He would observe, that a Poet cut off from the heathen Deities, and all allusions to them—from the sciences, and all the improvements of a polished state of society—from all the arts, one or two of the most simple only excepted—obliged to reject all expressions that allude to them, and to divest himself of many pre-conceived ideas as unsuitable to the state of society in those Times—has difficulties to struggle with, that can only be imagined by those who have felt them.

F I N G A L.

A N

O D E.

IMAGINATION, mighty power!

Where dost thou guide my roving mind?

By time, by distance unconfined

On Fancy's rapid wings I fly

To *Morven's* coast, where mountains tower,

And break the clouds that roll on high.

Before my view the dark-brown heath extends,

From reed-crown'd lakes the creeping mists exhale;

Down the rock bursting, the rude stream descends,

And foams along the solitary vale.

B

Cona

Cona, thy waters murmur in my ear!

Selma, thy halls unfold!

There sits FINGAL:—the chiefs of old

Gaze on the ruler of the war.

One vaunts his prowess in the field,

Another lifts his riven shield,

Or shews the deep-indented scar.

High o'er the rest the *son of songs*,

Offian descended from a race of kings,

Conspicuous stands: to whom belongs

The praise of warriors: to the ground

He deeply-musing bends his eyes—

Behold! the royal Bard arise,

Behold! he shakes the eagle-plumes,

With which his burnish'd helm is crown'd:

His skilful hand the harp assumes,

He lightly sweeps the tuneful strings,

And wakes the pleasing sound.

Hark

Hark! he pours the martial song,

His brave compeers around him throng,

To hear the strain sublime:

And whilst his animating lays

Proclaim their fame in other days,

Their deeds in ancient time:

Each war-worn chief inglorious ease disdains,

Pants for the din of fight, and thick-embattled plains.

Again inspir'd with glory's charms,

The fiery warriors call to arms

To win immortal praise:

Each hopes to gain a deathless name,

To live renown'd, or die with fame,

The theme of future days.

Each grasps his sword, each shakes his moony shield,

And the bright mail pours lightning o'er the field.

Softer now thy numbers flow,

Slowly rolls the plaintive Strain ;

See, the first of Heroes low !

See, the mighty Morar slain !

From the tender virgin's eyes

Fall the pearly drops of woe ;

See, her bosom throbb's with sighs,

Sorrow swells her breast of snow.

§ Yon mossy stones that rise above the heath,

Beside the blasted oak that towers on high,

Mark to the hunters view the cave of death,

Where chiefs renown'd in former ages lie :

There rests brave Morar !—thy untimely doom,

Thy aged sire, and mournful friends deplore.

How vain their sorrow !—in the silent tomb

The mighty Morar sleeps, to rise no more !

§ Vid. the songs of Selma.

Like

Like him, ye warriors ! you must pass away,
Like him you shine the glory of the plain :
In time your strength will fail, your tombs decay,
And no memorial of your fame remain.

The melting lay their rage controuls,
And calms to peace their furious souls :
Thy charms, destructive fame ! inspire
Their breasts no more with martial fire :
Each hero mourns some breathless friend,
Compassion's tender tears descend :
Their arms bestrew the dusty plain,
The falchion thirsts for blood in vain.

Oh ! who like thee could feel for other's woe,
And to thy strains the heart-felt thought impart,
In plaintive numbers bid them wildly flow,
And melt the soul beyond the power of art !

On thee her darling son, fair Fancy smiles,

Her bright ideal scenes displays ;

She strongly paints them in thy mind,

And pours them in thy daring lays.

The sons of glory battle-slain,

From thee receive the plausive Song :

They quit the blood-empurpled plain ;

Around them meteors gleam ;

The ruddy-flaming beam

Skirts the dark clouds on which they sail along.

Behold their airy halls !

Bedropt with fire the roofs appear ;

In dimly-gleaming arms they stand,

The shells half-viewless in their hand :

Beneath the clouds of darkness roll,

Their words pervade thy list'ning ear,

And sink into thy thoughtful soul.

* See! Loda's gloomy form advance,

On high he lifts his shadowy lance.

Within his hand the tempests lour,

The blast of death his nostrils pour :

Like flames his baleful eyes

Appal the valiant—from the fight

They turn before the blasting light;

His hollow voice like thunder shakes the skies,

Slowly he moves along, exulting in his might.

Vain are thy terrors, dreadful shade!

Lo! *Morven's* king defies aloud

Thy utmost force—His gleaming blade

Winds thro' the murky cloud.

The form falls shapeless into air :

His direful shrieks the billows hear,

And stop their rapid course with fear.

The hundred rocks of *Inistore* reply,

As roll'd into himself he mounts the darken'd sky.

* *Carriethura.*

How

How sweetly flows † thy latest strain? when borne

On heav'ns curl'd clouds appears thy hoary fire;

Bright pearly drops the laughing fields adorn,

The eastern clouds are streak'd with purple fire:

The opening flower perfumes the breath of morn.

All nature's clad in beauty's fair attire.

To thee the winds his feeble voice convey;

Come to my airy halls away!

Silent are now our martial plains;

Our glory in the song remains.

Come to my airy halls, sad Ossian! come away:

Cease feeble muse! thy imitation vain;

And thou, O Bard! forgive th' enervate strain.

My numbers rude debase thy matchless lays,

And mock the great original they praise.

† Berrathon.

THE History previous to the opening of the Poem in this.—‘ *Artbo*, supreme king of Ireland dying at *Temora*, the royal palace of the Irish kings, was succeeded by *Cormac* his son, a minor. *Cuchullin*, lord of the *Isle of Mist*, one of the *Hebrides*, being at that time famous for his great exploits, was in a convention of the petty kings then assembled, unanimously chosen Guardian to the young king. He had not managed the affairs of *Cormac* long, when news was brought him that *Swaran* king of *Locklin* (i. e. *Scandinavia*) intended to invade *Ireland*. *Cuchullin* immediately desired assistance from *Fingal* king of those *Caledonians* who inhabited the western coasts of *Scotland*. He, as well from a principle of generosity, as from his connections with the royal family of *Ireland*, resolved on an expedition into that country; but before his arrival the enemy had landed in *Ulster*.—*Cuchullin* in the meantime gathered his tribes to *Tura*, a castle in *Ulster*, and dispatched scouts along the coast to gain the most early intelligence of the enemy. Such is the situation of affairs when the Poem opens.’

A R G U M E N T

Of the FIRST BOOK.

CUCHULLIN, *sitting alone beneath a tree at the gate of Tura, the other chiefs being gone on a hunting party, is informed of Swaran's landing, by Moran one of his Scouts. He convenes the Chiefs, a council is held, and disputes run high about giving battle to the enemy. Connal, his intimate friend, advises him to retreat till the arrival of Fingal, but is opposed by Calmar, another of his Chiefs. Cuchullin, willing to fight, follows the opinion of Calmar. Marching towards the enemy, he misses three of his bravest heroes, Fergus, Duchomar, and Cathbat. Fergus arriving, relates to him the manner of their death, which introduces the Episode of Morna. The army of Cuchullin is descried at a distance by one of Swaran's Scouts, who describes to him the terrible appearance of that Hero. Swaran encourages his troops: the armies engage, but night coming on, leaves the Victory undecided. Cuchullin, according to the hospitality of the times, invites Swaran to his feast, who scornfully rejects it. Carril, Cuchullin's Bard, relates to him the story of Grudar and Brassoclis. A party, by Connal's advice, keep guard to secure him from the enemy; which closes the action of the first day.*

F I N G A L,

A N

E P I C P O E M.



B O O K I.

BY Tura's walls that brave the founding wind,
His mighty acts revolving in his mind,
Cuchullin fate—Above the warrior's head,
An aged oak its mossy branches spread:
His glittering arms were scatter'd on the field,
The crested helm, strong lance, and bossy shield.

In

In haste young † Moran to the chief drew nigh,
 Fear paled his cheek, in terror roll'd his eye:
 He trembling thus began: On Erin's coast,
 The haughty Swaran leads his martial host.
 A croud of heroes round their king appear,
 Each grasps his shield, and shakes his threat'ning spear.

To him Cuchullin; fears thy reason blind,
 And swell his numbers in thy erring mind.
 Perchance the chief, on Morven's hills obey'd,
 With all his warriors hastens to my aid.

I saw their king, the timorous youth replied,
 Above his heroes tower in height of pride:
 Tall as the snow-top'd hill, when Winter reigns,
 And binds the head-long stream in icy chains.
 Like yonder blasted fir his lance he rear'd;
 And his huge shield a rising moon appear'd:

† One of Cuchullin's spies, who was stationed on the coast of Ullin, to give notice of the approach of the enemy.

His troops around him stood, as mists enshroud
The lofty mountain with a fable cloud.

Thus I began : Tho' great in arms thy name,

Yet Erin's sons are not unknown to fame,

Many our chiefs—But loudly he replied,

Loud as rocks echo to the roaring tide :

Where are the boasted warriors of thy land,

Where are those chiefs who dare my rage withstand ?

The great FINGAL, who reigns where tempests pour

On Morven's cloud-wrapt hills the snowy shower,

Alone can meet my fury—Once we strove

In fiercest strength : —Our heels o'er-turn'd the grove.

The strong-bas'd mountains * shook beneath our force,

And streams fled murmuring from their wonted course.

Three days the furious conflict we renew'd ;

Heroes with fear the dire encounter view'd :

On the fourth morn I press'd the dusty plain—

So vaunts FINGAL : Assertion false and vain !

* Virgil makes use of the same bold expression, when he describes Hercules throwing a rock in order to burst open the cavern of Cacus.

—Diffultant ripæ, refluitque exterritus amnis.

Firmly I stood—Let Erin's leader yield,
 Nor dare oppose me in th' embattled field ;
 Lest dire as storms that roar around the coast,
 I rise in fury, and consume his host.

Perish the thought ! the daring chief replied,
 Ne'er shall Cuchullin yield to Swaran's pride :
 The sounds of war my glowing soul inflame,
 I live with glory, or I fall with fame.
 Strike with my spear the loud resounding shield
 My great forefathers us'd in war to wield :
 Erin's brave sons shall hear it from afar,
 The dreadful prelude of approaching war.

He struck ; the mountains and the rocks rebound,
 Thro' the wide forest rolls the ecchoing sound :
 The timorous roe flies to the darksome wood,
 Shuns the green vale, and quits th' untasted flood.

Fierce

Fierce Curach first in beaming mail appear'd,
 Connal in air his bloody javelin rear'd.
 Calmar with transport heard the loud alarms,
 Grasped his huge lance, and strode in sounding arms.
 With ardent soul the beauteous Crugal came;
 For war young Favi quits the savage game.
 Horrid in arms the dauntless Puno moves;
 Cairbar forsakes green Cromla's shady groves.
 Brave Eth from Lena's rapid stream descends:
 O'er Mora's heath his course young Caolt bends,
 Bright as the foam, that when the waters roar,
 The dark-wing'd tempest pours on Cuthon's shore.

E'en now th' assembled heroes I behold!
 Their souls are kindled with the wars of old.
 Like torrents rushing from the hills they came;
 Their dark brows lour, their eyes with fury flame.
 Each grasps his mighty sword, and wide around
 Gleams the bright mail, and gilds the dusky ground.

Behind

Behind their stately chiefs, a numerous throng
 Intent on death and vengeance rush along;
 As roll behind the meteor's ruddy light,
 The gathering vapors of the silent night.
 Loud bursts the song of war: their arms resound,
 And shady Crom's echoes wide around.
 On Lena's heath beside their chief they stand,
 Like mists flow-rising from the marshy land,
 That o'er the plain by winds tempestuous driven,
 Shade the steep mountain, and ascend to heaven:

Cuchullin thus: — Ye hunters of the deer,
 Behold a nobler sport! our foes appear
 On the dark wave—ye sons of battle! say
 Shall we submissive bow to Lochlin's sway?
 Shall we to * Stanno's son, brave Connal yield,
 And uncontested quit the glorious field?
 Full oft, my valiant friend? thy fatal spear
 Has struck the boldest of his host with fear.

• Swaran.

He

He calmly thus replied ; The rage of fight,
 And shouts of battle give my soul delight.
 Still foremost in the field has Connal stood,
 And dyed his beaming lance in hostile blood :
 Yet is my voice for peace.—Lo ! wide around
 The ships of Swaran o'er the billows bound :
 High as the forest waving in the skies,
 And thick as reeds that on the waters rise,
 His numerous masts appear : his barks contain
 Chiefs fam'd for valor on the marshall'd plain :
 Himself a host !——E'en Morven's king would shun
 The dreadful force of Starno's fiery son :
 That mighty warrior, from whose direful fight
 Embattled armies fly in wild affright :
 Like the light heath before the howling storm,
 When gloomy clouds the front of heaven deform.

Hence, to thy silent hills and vallies fly !
 To him enrag'd fierce Calmar made reply,
 Where never yet the blaze of arms appear'd,
 Nor the loud thunder of the war was heard.
 Fix in the bounding roe thy peaceful spear,
 Or with light shafts destroy the timorous deer.
 But let Cuchullin call aloud to arms,
 And fire his martial host with glory's charms,
 Then shall the foe to Erin's valor yield,
 And their fam'd warriors press the bloody field.
 May tempests rise, and whirlwinds roar aloud !
 Whilst angry spirits in their air-borne cloud,
 Destroy my life, if e'er the chace could give
 The mighty transports I in war receive !

Sage Connal thus ; In war I never fled,
 Still flam'd this javelin where the battle bled.
 Spare thy proud vaunt, nor think we can withstand
 Lochlin's vast host, and Swaran's mighty hand.

O son

O son of Semo! from a timeless grave
 Preserve thy friends ; the throne of Cormac save.
 But if for war thou giv'st thy daring voice,
 Connal will not oppose the generous choice :
 My panting heart shall beat with fierce delight,
 And my spear glitter in the front of fight.

Well hast thou said, cried Semo's valiant heir,
 War is my choice, for glorious war prepare!
 As thunder which precedes refreshing showers,
 That deck the fruitful vale with blooming flowers,
 Pleases the list'ning ear; the din of arms
 Delights my soul, and hope of glory charms.
 Collect my heroes!—Let the martial band
 In burnish'd mail around their leader stand;
 As the bright sun, before the storms arise,
 In tenfold splendor blazes thro' the skies;
 Ere from the west the threat'ning tempest roars,
 And bends the oaks on Morven's echoing shores.

Where are my valiant friends, renown'd afar,
 The brave companions of my arm in war?
 Oh! why does Cathbat shun Cuchullin's fight,
 And stern Duchómar that dark cloud in fight?
 Why does the son of battle, Fergus stay?
 Can he forsake me in war's stormy day?
 Swift as a roe he comes—Ah! what distress,
 What heart-felt anguish does thy soul oppress?

To him the chief; With me thy friends deplore!
 Cathbat is fall'n, Duchómar is no more!
 Whose rage was fatal as the deadly steams
 Of Lano's marsh exhal'd by heavenly beams,
 That sailing slowly o'er the peopled vale,
 Bear death and ruin, in the tainted gale.
 Ill-fated Cathbat! beauteous as the ray
 That gilds the east, bright harbinger of day!
 Thy love, thy Morna's fall'n—With sudden light,
 Thus darts a meteor thro' the clouds of night;

The

The tranfient beam with grief the trav'ler views,
And darkling o'er the heath his courfe purfues !

To him Cuchullin thus ; O Fergus ! tell,
How, and by whom my brave affociates fell.

The chief replied ; Where towering o'er the glade,
The mighty oak projects his ample fhade,
Beside the rapid stream they strove in fight ;
And Cathbat funk beneath his rival's might.
Swift from the dying youth, elate with pride
The victor flew, and thus to Morna cried.

Why in this lonely, grief-inspiring cell,
Near the hoarse-murmuring stream does Morna dwell ?
The aged oak groans to the passing blast,
And dusky clouds the front of heaven o'ercast :
The lake's dark waters pour a fullen found ;
Loud roars the storm ; and nature lours around.

But thou art lovely to thy warrior's sight,
 As snow that decks the heath with pleasing light :
 Thy breasts, like two bright rocks of marble gleam,
 Beside where Branno rolls his liquid stream :
 Thy hair, like mist that round the mountain plays,
 Waves to the wind, and glitters in the rays.

Whence comes Duchomar, thus the fair replies,
 With brow contracted, and indignant eyes ?
 Say, hast thou seen on Ullin's sea-beat coast,
 Lochlin's proud monarch, and his martial host ?

Sternly he answer'd ; I this morning slew
 A stately deer, which is my Morna's due.
 He wav'd the honors of his head on high,
 And ran as swiftly as the tempests fly.

She mildly thus replied ; Cease, warrior cease !
 Nor with untimely gifts disturb my peace !

No

No soft compassion melts thy stubborn soul,
 Nor prayers, nor tears thy gloomy mind controul.
 To Cathbat, beauteous youth ! I'll faithful prove ;
 While life remains, unchang'd is Morna's love.
 For him I wait—Ah ! why does Cathbat stay !
 Why, my brave warrior, this unkind delay ?

Long shalt thou wait—the furious chief replied,
 With Cathbat's blood my reeking blade is dyed.
 Scorn the weak boy—on me thy love bestow ;
 This arm resistless laid the warrior low !

Is Cathbat fall'n ?—The hapless Morna cries,
 Bright as the beams that gild the azure skies !
 Where he so oft the bounding deer pursued,
 And in the foremost rank of battle stood !
 Dire is thy rage—By thee, relentless chief !
 My soul is plung'd in ever-during grief ;

Yet let me view, and Morna asks no more,
Thy sword still reeking with her Cathbat's gore!

He gave it to her hand—the fraudulent maid
Deep in his bosom plung'd the fatal blade.
As some huge bank that o'er the stream impends,
Worn by the wave, with thund'ring sound descends:
The flashing waters shake the echoing shores—
So falls the chief, and thus the fair implores.

Morna, I'm slain! thy vengeance is complete;
For Cathbat's death I perish at thy feet.
Cold in my breast I feel the deadly blade—
Haste thee to Moina—She, unhappy maid!
Will mourn her warrior's fate, his tomb will raise,
And future times shall hear Duchomar's praise.
Oh! I beseech thee, grant my last request,
And draw the sword that thrills my tortur'd breast!

With

With tearful eyes she came—The chief applied
 His vengeful falchion to her snowy side.
 Rolling in death she lay: the purple flood
 Gush'd from her wound: her hair the floor bestrew'd:
 Her mournful shrieks resounded thro' the cave—
 Thus fell thy friends; the lovely, and the brave!

Peace to the heroes souls! Cuchullin said,
 For mighty were the actions of the dead.
 Borne on the clouds of heaven for me engage,
 Direct my steps, and fire my soul with rage!
 But when the days of war, and danger cease,
 Thou beauteous Morna, sooth my soul to peace!
 Ye sons of Erin! hear your chief's command:
 Around his thundering car in order stand:
 That, shall to glorious conquest lead the way,
 And strike the foe with terror, and dismay.
 Let three bright lances glitter by my side,
 As thro' the ranks in martial pomp I ride:

Soon

Soon shall yon host our matchless valor feel,
When the war darkens round our beaming steel !

As foams the rapid torrent, when on high
Loud thunder rolls, and night involves the sky ;
In founding arms so rush'd they o'er the plain,
And stern Cuchullin led the daring train.
The billows thus the mighty whale obey,
Behind him roaring thro' the stormy sea.

Lochlin's brave monarch heard the din of war,
Like winter streams resounding from afar,
And struck his shield—the hills, the vallies ring—
To Arno's son thus cried the dauntless king.

As with a murmuring noise, wing'd insects play
In the calm evening of a summer's day ;
With such a sound our foes to battle move,
Or rustling winds howl thro' the distant grove.
Haste where yon hill th' extended heath commands,
See, if from far appear the hostile bands.

He

He went, and soon the martial host espied,
 His heart beat high against his trembling side :
 His eye-balls wildly roll'd—The fear-struck man
 In faltering, broken words his speech began.

Rise, Swaran rise ! thy deadly foes advance,
 The son of Semo lifts his flaming lance :
 High o'er the troops, borne on his blazing car,
 The hero stands, and fires their souls to war :
 With burnish'd gold adorn'd, it bends behind
 Like curling waves that swell before the wind :
 Emboss'd with glittering stones, each radiant side
 Shines like the surface of the rolling tide,
 * When the dark waves are ting'd with ruddy light,
 And sparkle round the vessel of the night.

* This passage seems to allude to the lucid appearance which the Sea frequently exhibits in the night-time.—It is supposed to be owing to an infinite number of minute insects, that float on the surface of the Waters before storms and tempests, and appear most luminous when the waves are in the greatest agitation.

Its beam of polish'd yew ; the hero's seat
 Of smoothest bone ; its sides with spears replete.
 Before the car his * courfers rush along,
 High-maned, broad-breasted, beauteous, swift and strong.
 Lo ! with what fury o'er the plain they bound ;
 Earth trembles, and the echoing hills resound.
 Like streaming mist descends their flowing hair,
 Waves to the wind, and wantons in the air.
 A thousand thongs confine them to the car ;
 Their polish'd bits, and harness shine afar.
 As the light vapors, that the sun exhales,
 Fly driv'n by tempests o'er the lonely vales ;
 As eagles strong that wing their sudden way,
 And seize impetuous on their trembling prey ;

* I have in this place taken the liberty of omitting the names of Cuchullin's horses.—Sulin-Sifadda and Dufroinnal cannot sound well in English verse, however harmonious they might have been in the Original. Some few of the heroes names, that were of no consequence to the action, I have likewise omitted ; and softened, or entirely left out many of the Epithets given to others. I hope the Reader will excuse it, and allow that by copying an ancient Author in too exact a manner, we more frequently burlesque the Original, than preserve the spirit of it : for by modern refinement we often affix vulgar and indelicate meanings to passages, that convey'd very different Ideas at the time when they were first used.

Loud as the storm in winter's dreary reign,
 And swift as deer they bound across the plain.
 In dreadful splendor the fierce chief appears,
 High o'er the gorgeous car his bulk he rears ;
 Beneath his gloomy brow his eye-balls glare,
 Like flame behind him flies his ruddy hair.
 The threat'ning storm, O king of Ocean ! shun,
 Fly from the wrath of Semo's fiery son !

To him indignant thus the chief replied ;
 (Rage fir'd his soul, his bosom swell'd with pride)
 Through foaming billows whilst with direful sound
 The winds tempestuous roar'd, and wide around
 The vivid lightning gleam'd, I've bent my way,
 Nor fear'd the storm, nor shunn'd the scorching ray.
 And shall Cuchullin dastard thoughts inspire
 In Swaran's breast ?—which, elemental fire,
 And the loud roaring of the boundless main
 Have strove to give me, but have strove in vain.

No,

No, timorous youth ! my soul disdains to fly ;
 Dangers I heed not, warriors I defy.
 Did e'en FINGAL provoke me to the fight,
 He'd meet a foe deserving all his might.
 Arise my valiant friends ! for war prepare,
 Gather around your leader's deathful spear.
 Like rocks we'll stand that guard the Lochlin shore,
 Unmov'd tho' waters beat, and whirlwinds roar ;
 That meet exulting the tumultuous floods,
 And to the tempest stretch their waving woods

As from two adverse mountains torrents flow,
 And rushing furious to the plain below,
 Mix loud resounding—thus with dire alarms
 The warriors met, and clash'd their beaming arms.
 Chief against chief his pointed lance extends ;
 Man against man with martial fury bends :
 Steel clanks on steel : bright helms are cleft on high,
 And darts, like meteors, rush along the sky.

Blood

Blood pours in torrents o'er the slippery ground ;
 Twang the tough bows, the rattling arms resound.

Dire was the noise ! like waves by tempests driven,
 Or the last peal of thunder roll'd thro' heaven.
 An hundred tongues would not suffice to name
 The death of heroes crown'd with endless fame.

Mourn, mourn ye bards ! and bid your numbers flow
 In all the deep solemnity of woe.

In blooming youth behold Sithallin slain !—

For Ardan's death Fiona mourns in vain.

As two young hinds that thro' the desert rove,

Untimely perish in their shady grove ;

So fell the youths, stretch'd on their native land,

By haughty Swaran's wide-destroying hand ;

Who in the front of fight exulting stood,

With threat'ning voice, and arms distain'd with blood.

The spirit thus, who on the whirlwind flies,

And guides the storm along the gloomy skies,

The

The ship-wreck'd mariner with joy surveys,
The sinking bark, and loud-resounding seas.

The sons of Lochlin to Cuchullin yield;
His sword like lightning gleam'd athwart the field;
When by its sudden flame the people die,
And the scorched mountains roll their smoke on high.
O'er kings and prostrate chiefs the hero rode,
His foaming horses bath'd their hoofs in blood:
In wild confusion all behind him lay;
Destruction reign'd, and ruin mark'd his way.
Thus shatter'd groves, the howling tempest past,
Shew from what part was driv'n the furious blast;

* Unhappy maid! who dwell'st where waters roar
Around thy craggy rocks, and echoing shore:
Tho' fair as spirits on the sun-beam borne,
Or the bright rays that gild the purple morn,

* This Apostrophe is address'd to the daughter of Gorlo, king of Inistore, or the Orkney Islands.—Trenar was brother to the king of Iniscon, supposed to be the Shetland Islands. The Orkneys and Shetland were at that time subject to the king of Lochlin.—Macpherson.

Yet canst thou not thy lovely Trenar save
 From the deep wound Cuchullin's falchion gave.
 Pale lies the youth on Erin's fatal shore;
 The beauteous Trenar shines in arms no more !
 * His howling dogs behold his ghost on high,
 Borne on the winds that wander thro' the sky,
 And mourn their hapless lord—Whilst all unstrung
 In his lone hall the useless bow is hung.

As round some mountain burst the roaring waves,
 That firmly stands, and all their fury braves ;
 Thus on their foes rush Lochlin's numerous band;
 Thus firm, unmov'd, the sons of Erin stand.
 Each hero like a cloud of darkness seems,
 Like heavenly fire his waving falchion gleams.
 As hammers on the glowing iron found,
 When from each blow the fiery sparkles bound,

* The same Opinion, that dogs perceived the appearance of any supernatural being, prevailed in ancient Greece. Thus we find that the dogs of Eumæus were terrified at the sight of Minerva, when at the same time she was invisible to Telemachus.

Homer's Ody. B. 16. l. 162.

So ring their arms : The shrieks of death arise,
And shouts of heroes thunder to the skies.

But who like lou'ring vapors meet my fight,
And furious plunge amid the thickest fight?—
Swaran, and Semo's son—with matchless force
They range the plain : earth shakes beneath their course.
Their friends behold the chiefs with anxious eyes,
As dim they on the distant heath arise :
For now the night began her gloomy reign,
And the dark clouds roll'd slowly o'er the plain :
To her, the warring troops unwilling yield,
And the stern chiefs reluctant quit the field.

By Cromla's mountain with his martial bands,
Propt on his bending spear Cuchullin stands :
He views the banquet spread, the fires ascend,
And thus to Carril ; say, my generous friend !
For Erin's warriors shall the feast arise,
Whilst our brave foe unask'd at distance lies ?

Far

Far from his friends he rests on Ullin's shore,
Cold blow the winds, and loud the waters roar.

Arise, invite the monarch here to stay,

Till the night rolls its sable clouds away :

Whilst our melodious harps shall sound the praise
Of mighty heroes, fam'd in other days.

The hoary bard obey'd his chief's commands—

To him the leader of the Lochlin bands,

Loud as the roaring storm, indignant cried :

His feast I scorn, his friendship I deride.

Should Erin's lovely maids around me rise

With snow-white bosoms, and with radiant eyes,

Inviting me to come, they'd sue in vain :

Here Swaran rests beside the stormy main—

Not at the feast, but in the front of fight

I'll meet the warrior : my unequal'd might

Soon shall thy vanquish'd chieftain learn to fear,

And sink beneath the lightning of my spear.

The founding Ocean, and the howling wind
 Recall my seas, and forests to my mind :
 Those forests, where by my strong javelin slain,
 The tusky boars oft champ'd the dusty plain.
 Let Semo's son to me resign the throne,
 And me their king let all the people own,
 Or Erin's torrents shall, distain'd with blood,
 Roll foaming to the sea their purple flood.

Sad are his words ! the aged Carril cried —
 Sad to himself ; Cuchullin quick replied :
 Raise then, my friend ! thy voice harmonious raise,
 And give the song to our forefathers' praise :
 Let the sweet strain in melting numbers flow,
 And thrill my soul with sadly-pleasing woe.
 Chiefs there have been in Erin fam'd for arms,
 And lovely maids adorn'd with beauty's charms.
 Sing like to Ossian on the Albion shore,
 Who, when the tumult of the chace is o'er,

Pours

Pours forth his mournful strains: the streams around
Symphonious murmur to the plaintive sound.

He said ; the bard began the lofty song,
While mute attention held the list'ning throng.
• In days long past, from Lochlin's hostile shore,
A thousand ships a numerous army bore.
To save their native land our warriors rose,
And fir'd with vengeance met their daring foes.
But far conspicuous in the fields of fight,
Stern Cairbar stood exulting in his might ;
And stately Grudar, high above the rest,
In warlike mien, and valor shone confest.
But for a bull, the glory of the herd,
Whose snowy hide distinct with spots appear'd,
Their wrath arose — each claim'd it as his own,
And oft in fight oppos'd, their falchions shone.

• This Episode is introduced with propriety, in order to reconcile Calmar and Connal, by the Story of Cairbar and Grudar, who, though enemies before, fought *side by side* in the war. The Bard obtained his aim, for we find them perfectly reconciled in the third book. MACPHERSON.

When Lõchlin's sons appear'd, no dull delay
 Restrain'd their ardor from the deathful day :
 They check'd their private rage, the foe defied,
 Together fought, and conquer'd side by side.

By Lubar's stream that through the valley flows,
 The warriors met; their mutual wrath arose:
 Bright gleam'd their swords, but Grudar strove in vain,
 Fierce Cairbar stretch'd him breathless on the plain.
 Elate with joy the victor strode away,
 And heard his * sister pour the plaintive lay.
 Ill-fated maid! she sung of Grudar's fame,
 And dwelt delighted on her lover's name :
 Yet much she fear'd, lest weltring in his gore
 He lay a breathless corse on Ullin's shore.
 The tears began to dim her sparkling eyes ;
 Her snowy bosom throb'd with frequent sighs,
 That shaded by her robe, arose to fight,
 Like the pale moon amid the clouds of night.

With softest voice, with words that sweeter flow
 Than warbling lyres, she pours the song of woe :
 Haste, warrior haste, she cries, dispel my fears,
 Haste to my arms, and check my flowing tears !

The haughty Cairbar in her presence stood,
 And thus began ; — This shield distain'd with blood
 My foe possesseth : on yonder fatal plain
 He strove with Cairbar's matchless force in vain.
 This trophy place within my lofty hall,
 Memorial of the vanquish'd Grudar's fall.

Swift from her brother's fight she rush'd away,
 And saw where pale in dust the warrior lay.
 Like flowers surcharg'd with rain, by grief oppress'd
 She fell—On Cromla's heath the lovers rest.
 Two lonely yews arising from the ground,
 Project a melancholy gloom around.
 In beauty who with Grudar could compare,
 Or lovely Brastolis, supremely fair !

The Poet's grateful lay preserves your name ;
 Few were your days, but deathless is your fame.

To him Cuchullin ;—Pleasing hast thou told
 Our fathers actions in the times of old.
 Thy voice delightful as the gentle rain,
 That decks with pearly gems the grassy plain ;
 When the bright sun emits his genial ray,
 And o'er the hills clouds lightly roll away.
 Again, my friend ! thy voice harmonious raise,
 And strike the lyre to my Bragela's praise.
 Say, dost thou dart thy lovely-rolling eyes
 To view my vessels o'er the waves arise ?
 The white waves glimmering thro' the dusky night,
 Will with their sparkling foam delude thy sight.
 Retire, my love ! no vessel greets thine eye,
 The bleak wind whistles thro' the clouded sky.
 Haste to thy halls ! for know, till dangers cease,
 Cuchullin ne'er can taste the joys of peace.

Ye idle thoughts ! disturb my soul no more ;
 Speak, Connal, and my fortitude restore :
 Nor let me think of love, and beauty's charms,
 While Lochlin vaunts, and Swaran calls to arms.

He thus replied ;—Of hostile fraud beware ;
 To guard each pass be thy peculiar care.
 Still would I counsel peace, our land to save
 From foreign rule, our warriors from the grave.
 At least, till Morven's gallant sons advance,
 And their brave monarch lifts his flaming lance.

The watch, a generous band of heroes keep ;
 The rest extended on the desert sleep :
 Whilst wide around them o'er the dreary heath
 Ill-omen'd sounds arise, and shrieks of death :
 The ghosts of slaughter'd warriors feebly cry,
 And roll their gloomy clouds along the sky.

End of the first Book.

A R G U M E N T

Of the SECOND BOOK.

THE Ghost of *Crugal*, one of the Irish heroes, who was killed in battle, appears to *Connal*, and foretels the defeat of *Cuchullin*. *Connal* communicates the vision to *Cuchullin*, who remains inflexible, and resolves to continue the war.—Morning comes, *Swaran* proposes dishonorable terms, which are rejected. The battle begins, and is obstinately fought on both sides, till upon the flight of *Grumal* the whole Irish army gives way. *Cuchullin* and *Connal* cover their retreat; *Carril* leads them to a neighbouring hill, whither they are soon followed by *Cuchullin*.—*Fingal's* Fleet is seen at a distance making towards the coast. *Cuchullin*, dejected after his defeat, attributes his ill success to the death of a friend he had killed some time before. *Carril*, to shew that ill success did not always attend those who innocently killed their friends, introduces the Episode of *Comal* and *Galvina*.

F I N G A L.

B O O K II.

FAR from his friends, extended on the ground,
While dusky night, and silence reign'd around,
' Beside the stream that rolls it's winding way
O'er the lone heath, the dauntless Connal lay.
' A mossy stone sustain'd the warrior's head ;
Above, an oak its shady branches spread.

He heard from far the shrieks of night arise,
A sudden splendor fir'd the gloomy skies :
Thro' the void air he saw the meteors stream ;
And swift-descending on the ruddy beam,

Young

Young Crugal's image met his wond'ring sight—
 Pale as the setting moon's reflected light,
 His visage shone: and spreading wide behind
 His cloud-form'd robes flew streaming in the wind:
 Like flames expiring his red eye-balls glar'd;
 Dark was the wound that in his breast appear'd.

The hero thus the shadowy form addrest:
 Alas! what sorrow racks my Crugal's breast!
 Pale is thy face—not thus deprest with fear,
 Didst thou, brave warrior! in the fight appear.

Awhile with tearful eyes he seem'd to stand
 In silent grief—then wav'd his pallid hand,
 And soft as breezes o'er the waters sigh
 Of reedy Lego, faintly made reply.

Alas! with Crugal thou wilt talk no more,
 Nor my lone footsteps on the heath explore.

Borne

Borne on the winds my wand'ring spirit flies,
 On Lena's plain my breathless body lies.
 E'en now, O chief! I view the cloud of death
 In darkness hovering o'er yon fatal heath,
 Destin'd for Erin's sons—With speed away,
 Ruin and havoc mark the coming day!

He said, and vanish'd from the hero's sight,
 While black around him clos'd the shades of night.
 So when the storms arise, the moon enshrouds
 Her radiant front in deep-surrounding clouds.

When Connal thus ; From thy bright beam descend,
 Thou much-lov'd shadow of my former friend !
 Say, in what cavern'd rock, what lonely cell,
 Or on what grassy hill does Crugal dwell ?
 Shall we not hear thee in the storm rejoice,
 And mix with loud-resounding streams thy voice ?

Or

Or see thee borne on gloomy clouds arise,
 When the blast rushes thro' the darken'd skies,
 And by pale Ghosts the winds impetuous driven,
 Roll charg'd with tempests thro' the vault of heaven?

He said—then swiftly strode across the field,
 And o'er Cuchullin struck his bossy shield.
 Upstarting at the sound, the warrior cries ;
 Why roams my chief, while darkness clouds the skies ?
 Had I this javelin launch'd ; on Ullin's plain
 My friend had fall'n, and I had mourn'd in vain:

E'en now before my view, he thus replied,
 Did Crugal's ghost the clouds of heaven bestride ;
 I saw the stars thro' his thin shadow gleam,
 And his low voice was like the distant stream :
 Th' imperfect sound to Erin's hapless host
 Denounc'd destruction on this fatal coast.

Implore

Implore for peace ; lest death, or lasting shame
O'erwhelm thy friends, and blast their ancient fame.

If Crugal's shade, the dauntless chief replies,
Foreboding death, appear'd to Connal's eyes :
Why didst thou not, for well I know thy might,
Compel this air-borne phantom to my fight ?
Oh ! had I seen him, this my trusty sword
Had every secret of his soul explor'd.—
But how can spirits who thro' ether guide
The rolling clouds, the fate of war decide ?
Say, how can Crugal, hapless warrior, know
That Erin's sons must sink beneath the foe ?

Sage Connal thus return'd ;—To fields of air
The ghosts of heroes fam'd in arms repair,
Talk on the clouds, or in some secret cell
The fix'd event of human schemes foretel.

There

There let them talk—he sternly made reply,
 From Swaran's might my soul disdains to fly.
 Connal, tho' death dissolves this mortal frame,
 To latest time shall live my glorious name.
 My lovely spouse will shed the tender tear ;
 My friends on high the mossy stones will rear ;
 And the lone hunter musing o'er my tomb,
 Will pour his woes, and mourn my fatal doom.
 Tho' to my soul no terror death can give,
 Yet much Cuchullin fears with shame to live.
 FINGAL ne'er saw the son of Semo yield,
 But always hail'd him victor of the field—
 Spirit of Crugal ! rise before my view,
 Display my fate in horror's blackest hue !
 Yet will I not one step from war recede,
 But in the foremost rank of battle bleed.
 Tho' Morven's mighty king his aid deny ;
 We still may bravely fight—may bravely die !

Strike my loud shield, let Erin's warriors hear,
And all for conquest, or for death prepare.

The heroes rise with shouts along the plain,
Like billows bursting o'er the roaring main.
Firmly they stood : * as aged oaks arise,
And wave their blasted branches to the skies ;
While nipt by bitter frost the leaves around
Drop wither'd, and bestrew the barren ground.

The Ocean to the morning's trembling ray
Gleams faint ; o'er Cromla sail the vapors gray :
Thick mists arising with the dawning light
Hide Erin's war-worn troops from Lochlin's sight.

* Cernimus astantes——

—— quales cum vertice celsæ
Aeriæ pinus, aut coniferæ cyparissæ
Constituerunt, sylva alta Jovis, lucusve Dianæ.

Æn. 3. line 677.

E

Arise

Arise my friends, fierce Swaran cried, arise !
 Lo ! from our might the proud Cuchullin flies.
 Pursue, and slay with the avenging sword
 All those who own not Swaran as their lord.
 Morla ! to Cormac haste, these mandates give,
 Let him, let Erin me their King receive ;
 For if my wrath arise, destruction reigns,
 And desolation wastes their fertile plains.

* As from the shore the fowls of ocean rise,
 And beat with founding wings the vaulted skies :
 Or as when swell'd by loud incessant rain
 A thousand streams rush foaming o'er the plain,
 Whose whirling eddies to the moon's pale light
 Display the awful horrors of the night,

* This heaping of families one upon another is highly poetical, and entirely in the manner of Homer.—Before his Catalogue of the ships in the 2d book of the Iliad, there is a group of them much resembling these now before us : where he compares the Grecian army to a flock of sea-fowl—to the flowers and leaves of spring—to flies around a milk-pail, and their leader Agamemnon to Jupiter, Neptune and Mars, and to a bull that exceeds in stature the rest of the herd.

The

The troops arose—As shadows fall along
 The grassy hills, so mov'd the martial throng.
 Like some huge stag with branching antlers crown'd,
 Their stately chief, for martial acts renown'd,
 Strode forth the foremost—his far-blazing shield,
 Like heaven's descending fire illum'd the field,
 When the lone trav'ler's wond'ring eye surveys
 Bright spirits gliding thro' the splendid rays.

From the dark main the winds began to rise,
 And roll'd the dusky vapors to the skies :
 Display'd to view stood Erin's gloomy host,
 Like rugged rocks that guard the wave-worn coast.

Sterno's proud son beheld them from afar,
 And thus bespoke a leader of the war :
 Haste valiant Morla, to our hapless foes,
 And to their humbled chief our terms propose ;

Such as when heroes fall, or vanquish'd yield,
 And weeping virgins mourn the fatal field.

He swift obey'd ; and soon Cuchullin found
 With all his bold associates standing round,
 And thus began ; To thee, fall'n chief ! I bring
 The terms of peace from our victorious king :
 Be Ullin's fertile plains no longer thine,
 To us thy spouse, and rapid dog resign ;
 These to our king to prove thy weakness give ;
 Henceforth beneath his power submissive live !

To him indignant thus the chief return'd ;
 His eyes flash'd fire, his breast with fury burn'd :
 Cuchullin never yields—O'er the rough main
 Quick let him fly, or fall on Ullin's plain.
 Ne'er shall his vessels thro' the wat'ry way
 My fair Bragela to his halls convey :

Nor

Nor shall the nimble roe e'er fly before
My rapid Luath on the Lochlin shore.

Vain ruler of the gaudy car! replied
The vaunting Morla with the voice of pride,
Wilt thou withstand the King of Ocean's course?
Who numerous vessels with resistless force,
Could from its deep foundation torn, convey
Thy green-hill'd Ullin thro' the wat'ry way!

In words Cuchullin will to many yield,
But never in the dangers of the field,
The chief replied—Hence! let thy monarch know,
While thro' my veins life's fanguine currents flow;
And Connal lives to wield his flaming sword,
Erin shall own young Cormac as its lord.
O first of mighty men! his message hear,
And can thy voice again for peace declare?

Why didst thou threaten death, pale ghost of night?

Thou canst not strike this bosom with affright.

No—If I fall, I'll fall renown'd, and fame

Shall with its brightest rays adorn my name.

Ye sons of Erin! on the foe advance,

Bend the tough bow, exalt the threat'ning lance.

In dark array rush fearless to the fight,

Like the fierce spirits of the stormy night.

His daring words enflame the martial throng—

The gloom of battle slowly rolls along:

As rising vapors from the fens exhale,

And spread their fable banners o'er the vale,

When raging storms the light of heaven invade,

And wrap its splendor in surrounding shade.

As some dire spirit thro' the dusky night,

When meteors stream around their baleful light,

Precedes the darkning cloud, and from his hand

Pours the wild storms that desolate the land,

Howl

Howl o'er the waste, and shake the founding groves:

The fiery chief in pomp terrific moves.

The horn of battle Carril sounds from far,

And kindles in their souls the flame of war:

Then loudly thus began; ye warriors! say,

Why from the field of fame does Crugal stay?

He's fall'n!—extended on the purple ground

The hero lies: no more his halls resound

With joy's enchanting strain—o'erwhelm'd with grief,

The fair Degrena mourns her breathless chief:

Down her wan cheek the tears incessant flow—

* A lovely stranger in her halls of woe!

Who like a sun-beam glancing thro' the skies

Darts on the foe?—Her hair dishevel'd flies

On the rude winds: her mournful shrieks I hear!—

'Tis Crugal's spouse.—Alas, unhappy fair!

* Crugal had married Degrena but a little time before the battle; consequently she may with propriety be called a *stranger in the hall of her sorrow*.

MACPHERSON.

Thy hero wanders thro' th' ethereal plains,
 Or some lone cave his airy form contains.
 As gather'd flies with wings low-murmuring play,
 When the bright sun emits his parting ray,
 With feeble sound, borne on the clouds of night,
 His gentle shade will meet our wond'ring sight.
 See! Lochlin's warriors deaf to pity's cries,
 Wave their keen falchions—Lo! Degrena dies.
 Cairbar, awake! behold thy daughter low,
 Oh, pour thy vengeance on the guilty foe!

The aged hero heard the mournful strain,
 And saw the fair by ruthless warriors slain.
 With rage impetuous rushing from afar,
 He shook his lance, and first provok'd the war.

* As firs that on the Lochlin coast arise,
 Bend to the storm that rushes thro' the skies:

* There is a similar passage in the 5th book of Homer's Iliad, line 396.

As forests sink beneath the flame of night,
 So roar'd the war, so fell the ranks of fight.

As when the trav'ler whirls his staff around,
 And strews the downy thistles o'er the ground,
 So fierce Cuchullin in his might arose,
 Wav'd his bright falchion, and consum'd his foes.

By Swaran slain, see! Curach presses the field;
 Nor ought avails old Cairbar's bossy shield:
 In lasting rest the valiant Morglan lies;
 Beneath his arm the youthful Caolt dies.
 His yellow tresses strew his native shore,
 From his fair bosom pours the purple gore:
 Where now he fell among the mighty dead,
 Oft had the chief the social banquet spread:
 Had often wak'd the harps melodious sounds,
 Prepar'd the chace, and cheer'd his jocund hounds.

* As from the desert swell'd by sudden rain
 The founding torrent foams along the plain ;
 Rocks, hills and woods from their foundation torn,
 Are to the main with rage resistless borne :
 Thus Lochlin's monarch held his direful course,
 Such his wild fury, such his matchless force !
 Unmov'd, undaunted, Semo's son withstands
 The rushing tide, and checks the furious bands.

‡ Thus some huge mountain rears its top on high,
 Whilst heaven's dark clouds around the summit fly :

* ——— Rapidus montano flumine torrens
 Sternit agros, sternit fata læta, boumque labores,
 Præcipitesque trahit silvas, stupet inscius alto
 Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor. Æn. 2. l. 305.

You may compare this passage with one in the 11th book of the Iliad, l. 491.

‡ This simile is introduced with propriety, and executed in a most masterly manner. There is not one circumstance in the comparison, but what illustrates the subject, and displays the firmness and intrepidity of Cuchullin, (who is always represented as the bulwark of Erin) and the various attacks of his enemies in the most natural and lively colours.—Mezentius, assaulted by the Tuscan army, is described in the same manner.

Ille velut rupes vastum quæ prodit in æquor,
 Obvia ventorum furiis, expostaque ponto,
 Vim cunctam, atque minas perfert cætique marisque.

Æn. 10. l. 693.

On every side the raging winds contend,
 The fleecy snow, and rattling hail descend;
 Its pine-crown'd head the howling storm defies,
 And safe beneath the silent valley lies.

Thus stood the guardian hero—wide around
 The blood of warriors drench'd the purple ground.
 On either wing his numerous troops decay,
 Like snow dissolving in the blaze of day.
 Where, Grumal cried, shall Erin safety find?
 We strive like reeds against the boist'rous wind.
 Swift as the hunted deer, the flight he led,
 They fought, they died, but few with Grumal fled.

High on his gorgeous car, despising fear,
 Cuchullin stood, and shook his weighty spear.

A son of Lochlin sunk beneath the stroke,
 And thus the chief in haste to Connal spoke :

Oh

Oh thou ! who first didst fire with glory's charms
 My swelling soul, shall we from Lochlin's arms
 In terror fly ?—Let hoary Carril guide
 Our hapless friends to Cromla's shady side :
 Whilst we the fury of the foe restrain,
 Like rocks unmov'd, that brave the roaring main:

He said ; stern Connal mounts the blazing car,
 And meets undaunted the advancing war.
 Their ample shields rose like the moon on high,
 In a dun circle rolling thro' the sky.
 Behind the whale as foaming billows sound,
 The numerous troops of Lochlin rag'd around.
 At length the chiefs retir'd, and wide behind
 A storm of darts flew hissing in the wind.

By Cromla's side around Cuchullin stand
 With looks dejected Erin's hapless band.

Like

Like dusky groves thro' which the flame has past,

Borne on the pinions of the northern blast.

Beneath an oak he rests—his bushy hair

Waves to the winds; his angry eye-balls glare

In silent sorrow.—Swift before his view,

Elate with joy the youthful Moran flew,

And eager thus began; The ships from far,

The ships of Morven come! the king in war

Renown'd approaches!—See! his masts arise

Like groves in clouds, and pierce the azure skies.

His bounding vessels on the billows ride,

And his black prows the foaming waves divide!

Arise, Cuchullin cried, auspicious gales!

Rush o'er the main, and fill his swelling sails.

Fingal, with speed, thy wish'd assistance bring

To Erin's warriors, and their youthful king!

Like morning's clouds thy vessels shade the sea,

Thyself the star, bright harbinger of day!

Oh

Oh Connal ! when our souls to sorrow bend,
 How pleasing 'tis to view a generous friend !
 But see, around the curling vapors rise,
 And gath'ring mists involve the murky skies !
 Shine forth fair moon, the sons of Morven save
 From our rude rocks, and from a wat'ry grave !

The loud winds founded thro' the shatter'd woods,
 Down the steep hills tumultuous roar'd the floods.
 In mist her lofty summit Cromla shrouds,
 And stars faint-glimmer'd thro' the flying clouds.

Beside a stream the chief of Erin fate,
 And thus to Connal mourn'd his hapless fate.
 Ere since brave Ferda sunk beneath my steel,
 Ferda, my friend ! no peace my soul can feel.

I've seen the blooming youth, the chief replies,
 Bright as the bow that gilds the gloomy skies :

Beneath

Beneath thy arm, say, why did Ferda bleed,
 What urg'd Cuchullin to the vengeful deed?

To him the chief; from Albion's coast he came,
 Instructed early in the paths of fame:
 Friendship we vow'd, and each his vow approv'd;
 Oft-times together to the chace we mov'd,
 And tir'd with toil at the decline of day,
 Together fearless on the desert lay.
 For fair Deugala, Cairbar's spouse he sigh'd,
 Her form of beauty, but her soul of pride.
 A mutual passion fir'd her yielding breast,
 And thus to Cairbar she her speech address'd:

Say, why ihou'd we, O chief! whose jarring minds,
 Nor love unites, nor tender friendship binds,
 Together live?—Divide thy ample store;
 Deugala dwells in Cairbar's halls no more.

She

She said ; the chief consents, and I dispose
His numerous herd—sad source of all my woes !

* A bull remain'd, whose hide's bright surface shone
Like snow that glitters to the rising sun.

On Cairbar I bestow'd him ; grief possess
Her soul, and vengeful fury fir'd her breast.

To Ferda thus with tearful eyes she cried ;
Shall Semo's haughty son my claim deride ?
Injurious man !—Oh ! let Deugala feel
The joys of vengeance—lift thy deadly steel
And vindicate my wrongs—in endless night
Sink the proud warrior, and assert thy might :
Or deep I'll plunge in Lubar's rapid stream,
And my pale ghost shall loud for vengeance scream.

* This is the second Episode where a contention rises about a Bull. It is to be hoped that the Reader will be no more offended at those instances of ancient simplicity which he meets with in Ossian, than he is with Princesses drawing water, and heroes dressing their own dinner in Homer.

Three days, in vain, the weeping fair assail'd—
 His wavering heart, but on the fourth prevail'd.
 The warrior thus began, o'erwhelm'd with grief:
 On Muri's hill I'll meet the gallant chief,
 And sink beneath his might: for Ferda's eyes
 Shall ne'er behold where brave Cuchullin lies.

We met, and fought—our swords avoid a wound,
 Glance from the shield, or on the helmet found.
 The taunting fair beheld our mimic war,
 And thus address the hero from afar.
 Weak youth! unable martial arms to wield,
 Strong is thy foe, to brave Cuchullin yield!

With streaming eyes the mournful chief replied;
 (While conscious valor swell'd his soul with pride)
 Lift thy bright shield, thy precious life defend!
 Lo! Ferda seeks to slay his dearest friend.

F

Deeply

Deeply I sigh'd ; then gave the fatal wound ;
 The blooming youth fell prostrate on the ground.
 Alas ! my Ferda's death I still deplore,
 Conquest and glory crown these arms no more !

When Carril thus ; O chief of Erin's land !
 Mournful thy tale, and fatal was thy hand.
 The days of old I in my mind renew,
 And times long past rush forward to my view.
 Oft have I heard of mighty Comal's name,
 His matchless beauty, and unequal'd fame :
 Tho' by his hand his much-lov'd fair was slain,
 Bright glory crown'd him in the martial plain.
 An hundred mountains own'd the chief's command,
 A thousand rivers lav'd his ample land :
 When his fleet dogs pour'd fourth the cheerful sound,
 A thousand rocks re-echoed wide around.
 He lov'd Galvina, as a sun-beam fair !
 Black as the raven's wing her flowing hair :

Well-

Well-skill'd with hounds to drive the timorous roe,
Or send the arrow from the founding bow.

Together oft the hapless pair pursued
The rapid deer, and rang'd the gloomy wood.
Stern Grumal watch'd their steps : who long to gain
Galvina's love had fought, but fought in vain.

Tired with the toilsome chace one luckless day
To Ronan's cave the lovers bent their way.
Around it hung bright helms, and bossy shields;
Arms won by Comal in embattled fields.
Here free from danger, thus the chief address'd
The beauteous maid, let my Galvina rest :
Tho' Grumal's envious eyes our steps pursue,
This cave conceals thee from his jealous view.
Lo ! by yon mountain's side a stag appears,
And high in air his branching antlers rears.

* Ardven's proud chief, replied the trembling maid,
Oft haunts this cave, in horrid arms array'd :

Return with speed, and free my breast from woe,
For much Galvina fears thy gloomy foe.

He rush'd across the plain—not long behind
The fair remain'd ; but swifter than the wind,
Disguis'd in burnish'd armour flew to prove
Her hero's faith, and try his constant love.
Soon as the chief the martial form beheld,
Rage dimm'd his eyes, his breast with fury swell'd :
He thought stern Grumal stood before his view,
And wing'd with death the hissing arrow flew.
Breathless she fell—He hastens to relate
His own success, and rival's hapless fate.
Thro' Ronan's cave he wildly rolls his eyes :
No fair appears—He calls—no voice replies.
Swift he return'd, and struck with terror found
His much-lov'd fair expiring on the ground ;
And saw with streaming eyes the deadly dart
Still faintly vibrate in her bleeding heart.

And

‘ And is it thou?—But grief his words suppress;
Speechless and pale he sunk upon her breast.

His friends at length the mournful Comal spied,
Groveling in dust, extended by her side:
Their care to life restor’d the dying chief,
But nought could ease his ever-during grief.
Silent and sad oftimes the hero mov’d
Round the dark-dwelling of the maid he lov’d.
But when the foe appear’d, he strode the plain
In arms unmatch’d, and fought for death in vain.
At length he flung aside his weighty shield,
And rush’d unarm’d, and fearless thro’ the field:
A dart well-aim’d transfix’d his manly breast—
Here by the foamy main the lovers rest:
The mariner from far their tomb descries,
As o’er the waves his bounding vessel flies.

End of the second Book.

A R G U M E N T

Of the THIRD BOOK.

CUCHULLIN, pleased with *Carril's* story, requests more of his songs. The Bard relates the actions of *Fingal* in *Lochlin*, and death of *Agandecca* the sister of *Swaran*. He had scarce finished when *Calmar*, who had advised the battle, came wounded from the field, and told them of *Swaran's* design to surprize the remains of the *Irish* army. He himself proposes to withstand singly the whole force of the enemy in a narrow pass 'till they should make good their retreat. *Cuchullin*, touched with the gallant proposal of *Calmar* resolves to accompany him, and orders *Carril* to retreat with the remains of the *Irish* army. Morning comes, *Calmar* dies of his wounds; *Swaran* perceiving *Fingal's* fleet approaching to the shore, gives over the pursuit in order to oppose him. *Cuchullin*, ashamed after his defeat, retires to the cave of *Tura*. *Fingal* engages the enemy, puts them to flight, but night coming on renders the victory not decisive. The King having observed the gallant behaviour of his grandson *Oscar*, gives him advice concerning his conduct in peace and war. He recommends to him the example of his forefathers as the best model for his conduct, which introduces the Episode concerning *Fainasollis*, daughter of the king of *Craca*, whom *Fingal* had taken under his protection in his youth. —*Fillan* and *Oscar* are dispatched to observe the motions of the enemy by night. *Gaul* desires the command of the army in the next battle, which *Fingal* promises to give him. The song of the Bards closes the action of the third day.

F I N G A L.

B O O K III.

CUCHULLIN thus began ; Thou well hast told
Our fathers actions in the days of old :

Like the calm dew of morn ; when o'er the east

The sun appears, in radiant glory drest :

With golden beams involves the mountain's brow,

And faintly gilds th' extended lake below.

Again, O Carril ! strike thy tuneful string,

And give the song to Morven's mighty king.

The bard began ; With glory's charms inspir'd,

FINGAL in youth immortal fame acquir'd :

Fair was the chief, his form with beauty crown'd,

His arm, the death of heroes far-renown'd.

Proud Starno met him in th' embattled plain,
 And Lochlin's sons oppos'd his force in vain :
 Strong as a storm, confiding in his might,
 He mov'd unequal'd thro' the ranks of fight :
 His fiery troops loud shouting pour'd behind,
 Like rushing torrents sounding in the wind.
 Fierce Starno fell—but Morven's generous lord
 Safe to his ships the gloomy king restor'd.

As in his hall deep-musing Starno fate,
 His ranc'rous bosom swell'd with deadly hate :
 (For none but Morven's king could e'er withstand
 The strength and fury of his fatal hand.)
 He call'd an hoary bard, who used to raise
 The tuneful song to mighty Loda's praise ;
 Loda, whom Lochlin's warlike sons adore,
 Whose aid they on the * *stone of power* implore.

* This passage alludes to the religion of Lochlin, The *stone of power* here mentioned is the image of one of the Deities of Scandinavia.—MACPHERSON.

To him the monarch ; Haste to Morven's land,
 Where brave FINGAL exerts supreme command :
 With whom in manly charms no chiefs compare ;
 None shine superior in the ranks of war.
 Tell him, so greatly I his deeds approve,
 I offer Agandecca to his love :
 Mild is the soul that animates her breast ;
 Her lovely form with peerless beauty blest.

FINGAL with transport hears the pleasing sound,
 His numerous vessels o'er the billows bound,
 And skim before the gales : his active mind,
 Wing'd with desire, outflies the rapid wind.

The treacherous Starvo thus on Lochlin's coast
 Address the monarch, and his martial host.
 All hail ! brave chief unequal'd in the fight,
 All hail ! ye warriors of distinguish'd might !

Thrice

Thrice shall the sun roll thro' the vaulted skies,
 Whilst in our halls the genial feasts arise ;
 Three days we'll follow thro' the shady wood
 The rugged boar, and dye our spears in blood.
 Thy might, brave hero ! will my choice approve,
 And Agandecca yield her heart to love.

But while the warbling harps of joy were strung,
 And the loud hall with shouts of transport rung,
 While the fam'd bards awak'd their sounding lays,
 To great FINGAL, and Agandecca's praise,
 The king design'd his death—around him stand,
 Intent on vengeful deeds a murderous band:
 Clad in his arms, suspecting danger nigh,
 FINGAL survey'd them with indignant eye :
 Trembling they saw, and fled with speed away.—
 Again sage Ullin pours the sounding lay ;
 Again the bards assume their tuneful lyres,
 And every breast, returning joy inspires.

Fair as the moon slow rising in the east,
 Came Starno's daughter and beheld the feast.
 Her steps were like soft music's melting sound,
 And Beauty shed its rays divine around.
 As on the chief she roll'd her azure eyes,
 Her snowy bosom swell'd with secret sighs :
 Her yielding heart the power of love confess ;
 Her gentle soul the king of Morven blest.

The third morn came—the ruler of the day
 Stream'd o'er the dusky groves his cheerful ray.
 The kings arose — thro' unfrequented groves,
 And dreary wilds the chief of Morven roves :
 The tusky boars withstand his might in vain,
 They fall, and foaming champ the dusty plain.

Fair Agandecca to his sight appears,
 High beats her panting bosom ; while the tears

Of

Of heart-felt anguish dim her radiant eyes,
 Thus to FINGAL the lovely mourner cries.
 Avoid yon dusky wood! a murderous band
 There lie conceal'd by Starvo's dire command,
 Each gloomy chief unsheaths his deadly sword,
 And vows revenge on Morven's gallant lord;
 But oh! remember who this counsel gave,
 And from the father's rage the daughter save!

The dauntless monarch with his troop pervades
 The forest, and explores the secret shades:
 His foes beneath him press the purple ground,
 And the dark groves re-echo wide around.

From far the treacherous king of Lochlin view'd
 His foes triumphant, and his friends subdued.
 His brow lour'd darkly like the clouds of night,
 His eyes like meteors gleam'd a ruddy light.

Haste

Haste, he exclaim'd, my duteous daughter bring!
 The future bride of Morven's blooming king.
 Lo! by her means my warriors press the plain,
 And our proud foes immortal glory gain.

Sighing she came, and wept—her raven hair
 Loose and dishevel'd floated in the air.
 The ruthless Staro seiz'd the trembling maid,
 And in her side deep plung'd the fatal blade:
 She fell;—as slides from Ronan's height the snow,
 When echo deepens in the vale below.

His gloomy chiefs with fiery-glancing eyes
 FINGAL surveys—his chiefs of battle rise.
 Staro in vain withstands his furious course,
 And Lochlin flies from his superior force.
 Pale in his bounding ship he clos'd the maid:
 On Ardven's hill her breathless corse is laid

Beneath

Beneath the mossy tomb.—The sea around
Rolls its dark waves, and breaks with murmuring sound.

When thus Cuchullin; Peace eternal reign
With her, and him who pour'd the plaintive strain!
Who, brave FINGAL! in youth could meet thy rage?
Who now withstand thy sinewy strength of age?
Again on Lochlin bend thy furious course,
Consume them in the greatness of thy force!
Shine forth fair daughter of the silent night!
And aid the warrior with thy friendly light:
And if in yonder low-hung cloud there rest,
In darkness wrapt on ocean's watry breast,
Some powerful spirit—Oh! securely guide
His ships, and turn them from the rocks aside!

Before him as he spoke, besmear'd with blood,
Propt on his bending spear brave Calmar stood.

No terrors could his daring mind controul ;
Weak was his arm, but mighty was his soul.

Welcome, my valiant friend, sage Connal cries,
Why from thy bosom burst these broken sighs ?
Fear ever was a stranger to thy breast,
And glory's charms alone thy soul posselt.

And still with glory's charms my bosom burns—
The gallant son of Matha thus returns :
The sounds of war my glowing soul inflame
To emulate my brave forefathers fame.
From mighty Cormar I my being trace,
The first great founder of our martial race.
As bounding o'er the waves his vessel flew,
‡ The spirit of the night arose to view.

‡ Summa audacia credebatur lucta cum spectris non formidata.—
Bartholine de contemptu mortis apud Danos. L. ii. C. 2.—Vid. Browne's
history of the rise and progress of Poetry. Page 207.

§ On the wild tempest's sounding winds he came ;
 Before him stream'd the lightning's ruddy flame :
 On high was heard the thunder's awful sound ;
 The darkly-rolling ocean roar'd around.
 Struck with the mighty din e'en Cormar fear'd,
 And to the shelvy coast his vessel steer'd ;
 Then blush'd that he should e'er to terror yield,
 And boldly cross'd again the watry field.
 Within the darkning cloud he plung'd his blade :
 The keen sword glimmer'd thro' the gloomy shade :
 The tempest ceas'd ; he rose above the main :
 The moon return'd, and all her starry train.

Estrang'd from fear, with glory's charms inspir'd,
 My warlike fires immortal fame acquir'd.
 Dangers, my friend ! before the valiant bow ;
 And as my fathers were, is Calmar now.

§ Involvere diem nimbi, & nex humida cœlum
 Abstulit: ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes.

Æn. f. 3. l. 198.

Ye

Ye sons of Erin! who unhurt remain,
 Retire from Lena's blood-empurpled plain.
 Fly, till FINGAL his wish'd assistance bring,
 Nor meet the troops of Lochlin's fiery king.
 E'en now they come, I hear them from afar,
 To waste the hapless remnant of the war.
 Here in this pass will I awhile withstand
 Th' impetuous fury of the hostile band:
 But when I fall, (for Calmar scorns to yield)
 And lie a lifeless carcase on the field;
 When the black storm of war is blown away,
 And Lochlin's sons submit to Morven's sway,
 My mossy tomb, O son of Semo! raise,
 That future ages may record my praise.
 My mother, when she hears her Calmar's name,
 Shall mourn my fate, but glory in my fame.

I'll never leave thee, Erin's chief replies,
 Like Matha's son Cuchullin fear defies:

Like thine, with fame inspir'd, my bosom glows;
 In danger still my soul more daring grows.
 Connal, withdraw our forces from the fight;
 Save my surviving friends from Swaran's might.
 When the war ceases, breathless on the ground
 Mid slaughter'd foes here shall your chiefs be found.
 Haste, Moran haste! while night and silence reign,
 Swift as a tempest o'er yon gloomy plain:
 Implore FINGAL, the first of men, to save
 The sons of Erin from a timeless grave.
 Our foes from him, shall like the vapors fly
 Before the sun bright-rolling thro' the sky.

Faint in the east appear'd the dawning light,
 And Lochlin's host rush'd eager to the fight.
 Calmar beheld the raging foe from far;
 His bosom kindled with the shouts of war.
 From his deep wounds fast flow'd the purple flood:
 Propt on his spear awhile the hero stood;
 That

That spear, his mother with an heart-felt groan
Beheld him seize, and mourn'd her only son!

* Slowly at last he dropt—like some huge oak
Fell'd by the wood-man's oft-repeated stroke.

Unmov'd, alone, the great Cuchullin stands,
Nor yields one step to Lochlin's numerous bands.
‡ So round some rock when winds and waters roar,
That towers on high, the guardian of the shore:
In vain the tempest howls with direful sound,
In vain the foaming billows burst around.

* Ipse gravis, graviterque ad terram pondere vasto
Concidit; ut quondam cava concidit, aut Erymantho
Aut Ida in magna radicibus eruta pinus.

Æn. 5. l. 446.

‡ Ille, velut pelagi rupes, immota resistit:
Ut pelagi rupes, magno veniente fragore,
Quæ sese, multis circumlatrantibus undis,
Mole tenet: scopuli necquicquam & spumea circum
Saxa fremunt, laterique illisa refunditur alga.

Æn. 7. line 586.

There is a similar passage in the 15th book of Homer's Iliad, line 618.

Now Swaran saw approaching to the coast
 Morven's dread monarch, and his martial host.
 The masts in air their pointed summits rear'd ;
 A floating forest on the sea appear'd.
 Swift from th' unequal fight he call'd his bands,
 And Lochlin's sons obey'd their king's commands.
 * Round Inistore's rough rocks as ocean roars,
 When loudly-foaming from an hundred shores,
 The billows ebb ; so mov'd the numerous throng :
 Their arms wide-echoing as they rush'd along.

But dragging his long javelin in his hand,
 Retir'd the chief of Erin's hapless land :
 Greatly he fear'd the king of Morven's fight,
 Who oft had hail'd him victor of the fight :

* Buchanan, in his history of Scotland, gives an ample account of the tempestuous nature of the sea round the Orcades, and the causes of it.

And thus lamenting his lost fame deplor'd,
And warriors slaughter'd by the hostile sword.

How many heroes press yon fatal shore,
Once great in arms, now terrible no more !
No more to me they'll on the heath appear ;
No more shall I their pleasing voices hear
In Erin's halls—my soul to sorrow bends,
For low in dust are stretch'd my bravest friends.
Ye shades of warriors fall'n ! assuage my grief,
In Tura's cave bewail your hapless chief !
There, far remote, I'll pass my mournful days ;
No tuneful bard shall sound Cuchullin's praise :
O'er my pale corse no mossy stone shall rise,
To mark my grave, and guide inquiring eyes.
O my Bragela ! thy fall'n spouse deplore,
Fled is my glory, and my fame no more !
He said, and stung with anguish cross'd the glade,
To vent his woes in Cromla's secret shade.

* Tall in his ship, approaching to the land,

FINGAL, his lance stretch'd flaming in his hand.

Dreadful it shone!—as death's red meteor gleams

O'er the lone heath; when from the livid beams

The trav'ler shrinks; behind the clouds of night

The pale moon flies, and sickens at the sight!

Thus cried the monarch; Lo! the war is o'er,

Slain are my friends, Cuchullin is no more!

Behold, yon mournful heath distain'd with blood!

The shrieks of sorrow rise in Cromla's wood.

‡ Ryno and Fillan, blow the horn of war,

Let the loud sound be echoed from afar:

* FINGAL's first appearance bears a great resemblance to that of *Æneas* on the river, when the light of his shield is compared to the rays of comets, and baleful beams of the Dog-star.

————— *Vastus umbo vomit aures ignes;*

Non fecus ac liquida si quando nocte cometæ

Sanguinei lugubre rubent, aut Sirius ardor:

Ille, sitim, morbosque ferens mortalibus ægris,

Nascitur, & lævo contristat lumine cælum.

Æn. 10. line 27.

There is a similar passage in the 22d book of the *Iliad*, line 25, when Achilles is descried at a distance by Priam from the walls of Troy.

‡ Ossian, Ryno, Fillan and Fergus were sons of FINGAL.

Where

Where yon steep mountain rears its head on high,
 With thund'ring voice the Lochlin host defy:
 For speedy vengeance on our steps attends,
 And strong, and mighty are Cuchullin's friends.

* Swift as the tempest Fillan rush'd away,
 And Ryno like the lightning's vivid ray.
 The fiery youths th' impending war declar'd,
 And Lochlin's sons, the found, exulting heard.

As from the northern coast where tempests reign,
 Rush the dark billows of the angry main;
 In rapid eddies whirl the rocks around,
 And burst along the shore with mighty sound;
 So loud, so sudden, Lochlin's warriors rose,
 And met, undaunted, their advancing foes.
 High-towering in the van their king appear'd,
 His strong right hand the lance of battle rear'd:

* Ventis & fulminis ocior alis.

VIRGIL.

His eyes, like streams of lightning valor pour'd,
And his dark brow with stern defiance lour'd.

The furious warrior, as FINGAL beheld
In brightness moving thro' th' embattled field,
To Ullin thus he cried;—The days of old
Rush to my mind, as I yon chief behold;
Who oft with heart-felt anguish has deplor'd
His sister slain by Starno's vengeful sword.
Still in my mind her lov'd remembrance dwells—
Arise, and bid him to our feast of shells.

The bard obey'd, and thus the king address'd;
FINGAL invites thee, warrior! to his feast.
To-morrow let each chief for war prepare,
Grasp the broad shield, and lift the threatning spear.

To-day, return'd the king, shall Morven yield,
And slain by me your monarch press the field:

To-

To-morrow shall my feast be spread around,
While Lochlin's foes lie breathless on the ground.

If that's his choice, with smiles FINGAL replies,
To-morrow let the warrior's feast arise.

Since we must fight, and Swaran calls to arms,
Let the fields thunder with our loud alarms.

Thou, valiant Offian! near thy father stand:

Gaul, lift thy dreadful falchion in thy hand.

With strength, O Fergus! bend thy fatal bow;

Fillan, thro' heaven's blue vault thy javelin throw.

Like meteors let your pointed lances flame,

And trace your leader thro' the paths of fame!

* As found an hundred winds on Morven's shore;
As torrents from an hundred mountains roar:

• *Ac velut Edoni Boreæ cum spiritus alto
Insonat Ægeo, sequiturque ad litora fluctus,
Qua venti incubuere, fugam dant nubila cælo.*

Æn. 12. l. 365.

As,

As, on the whirlwind's rapid pinions driven,
 Sail the dark vapors o'er the front of heaven ;
 So met the hofts—the tumult roar'd aloud,
 Like thunder bursting from the low-hung cloud,
 When wild, a thousand spirits shriek around,
 And rocks, and skies reecho to the sound.

Rèjoicing in the greatness of his might,
 FINGAL rush'd furious thro' the ranks of fight :
 The sons of Lochlin funk beneath his force,
 And death, and ruin mark'd the hero's course.
 When Trenmor's spirit thus the clouds bestrides,
 And borne sublimely on the whirlwind rides,
 The lofty forest shakes ; rocks wide around
 Fall headlong ; and the echoing vales resound.
 Like heaven's bright beam the youthful Ryno shone ;
 * Dark was the threatening brow of Morni's son :

* Gaul, the son of Morni, was chief of a Tribe that long disputed the preeminence with that of FINGAL ; but they were at last reduced to obedience by him, and Gaul from an enemy became FINGAL's best friend, and bravest hero.

MACPHERSON.

Swift

Swift as the wind young Fergus chac'd his foes,
And Fillan like a lou'ring cloud arose.

As some huge rock that o'er a mountain bends,
Torn from its airy summit loud descends ;
So Ossian rush'd to war—Appal'd with fear,
The foe fled trembling from my lifted spear.
Time had not then with liberal hand bespread
The snow of age upon my hoary head :
Thick darkness had not clos'd my eyes in night,
Nor fail'd these feet, nor shook this arm in fight.

But who our monarch's wondrous acts can tell,
When Lochlin's sons beneath his anger fell ?
When burning in his wrath he tower'd along,
Appal'd the mighty, and consum'd the strong !—
From hill to hill their mournful cries rebound,
Till night advancing spread her shades around.

As

As from the shouting huntsman, struck with fear,
 Fly diverse o'er the plain the timorous deer;
 And meeting in the forest's darksome shade,
 Shake at each breeze that whispers thro' the glade;
 Thus Lochlin's scatter'd sons escap'd from death,
 Desponding met on Lena's dusky heath.

Beside where Lubar rolls its winding way,
 We sit attentive to the tuneful lay.
 Nearest the foe, on his broad shield reclin'd,
 His hoary locks flow-waving in the wind,
 Stands great FINGAL—He thinks on other days,
 And hears with joy his brave forefather's praise.
 Oft on the king my Oscar turns his eyes,
 While thoughts of glory in his bosom rise,
 And reverential awe—The mighty man,
 Beheld the youthful chief, and thus began:

Son

Son of my fon belov'd ! with joy I view
 My gallant offspring deathless fame pursue.
 Know, that from chiefs renown'd in war, we trace
 The long-descended honors of our race.
 Shine great in arms, as Trenmor shone before,
 And mighty Trathal, now alas no more !
 Tho' low in earth the first of heroes lie,
 Their names with glory crown'd shall never die.
 Rush like a torrent thro' the ranks of fight,
 Consume the haughty with resistless might :
 When low in dust thy mighty foes are laid,
 There check thy rage, and give the feeble aid :
 To them be mild, and gentle as the gale
 That fans the flowers, and plays along the vale.
 Such Trenmor liv'd, in peace, in war renown'd,
 Such Trathal was, and such have I been found.
 To curb oppression still in arms I shine,
 To aid the helpless, and the weak is mine.

In days long past beside the billowy main,
 With some few friends attending in my train,
 I chanc'd to wander—sailing to our coast,
 Like a light vapor on the ocean tost,
 A bark appear'd—from thence a lovely maid
 Descended swift; her waving tresses play'd
 In the rude winds; her bosom swell'd with sighs,
 And the tears trickled from her radiant eyes.

Daughter of beauty! mildly I addrest
 The weeping fair, why swells thy pensive breast?
 Tho' not unequal'd in the strife of spears
 I lift the threatening lance, tho' few my years,
 Yet when affliction sues, my daring soul
 No dangers terrify, nor fears controul.

To thee I fly, and in thy aid confide,
 Brave chief of Morven! swiftly she replied:

My

My fire, the king, whom * Craca's isle obeys,
 Oftimes with transport listen'd to my praise :
 Cromala's hills oft heard the chiefs complain,
 Who fought his daughter's love, and figh'd in vain :
 But Sora's king enamour'd with my charms,
 By force would snatch me from my father's arms :
 Dark are his brows, his soul with passion swells,
 The rage of tempests in his bosom dwells.
 From his pursuit I fly—Here safely rest ;
 Dauntless I thus the trembling maid address :
 No cave shall hide thee from the warrior's sight ;
 For know, my bosom, proud in conscious might,
 Disdains to yield, and fir'd with glory's charms,
 Exults in danger, and the din of arms.

Soft-streaming down her cheek the gushing tear
 I view'd, and pitied Craca's mournful fair.

* One of the Shetland Islands.

In terror soon the hapless maid espies
 The bark of Sora's chief—the masts arise
 High o'er the foaming billows, and enshroud
 Their pointed summits in the dusky cloud.
 Swift bounds the vessel o'er the rolling tide;
 Before its course the yielding waves divide.

Thus I the chief address; Partake our feast;
 To me each stranger is a welcome guest.
 Nought said the gloomy man; his bow he drew,
 And the keen shaft with aim unerring flew;
 Breathless she dropt—I seiz'd my trusty sword,
 And rush'd enrag'd on Sora's ruthless lord.
 Fierce was our strife!—he fell—on Morven's heath
 Two tombs arise, and mark their caves of death.

Thus did FINGAL in youth fair fame acquire;
 Thus Oscar, act, and emulate thy fire!

Bafely

Basely to shun impending war disdain,
 Nor rush uninjur'd to the hostile plain.
 With Fillan hasten to yon wave-worn coast,
 And with attention watch the Lochlin host.
 Loud as the storms by Cona's streams, I hear
 Tumultuous shouts arise, and shrieks of fear.
 Prevent their flight, for Erin's sons are slain,
 And unreveng'd lie bleeding on the plain.

Swift as dark clouds, the spirits chariots, bear
 The shades of heroes thro' the yielding air,
 So swift the warriors vanish'd from our view,
 And o'er the plain with speed impetuous flew.

Tall as a rock by night, Gaul stood on high,
 And rear'd his lance far-blazing to the sky :
 When thus to Morven's king, the mighty man,
 With voice like many waters, loud began:

H

Let

Let all thy bards exalt their tuneful lays
 To Erin's glory, and her warriors praise.
 Sheath thou thy sword of death, from war retire ;
 Immortal honor let thy friends acquire.
 Soon as the morn shall stream its cheerful light,
 Behold thy chieftains lab'ring in the fight.
 Such was the custom of thy martial line
 In former battles—such, O king! was thine.
 Our glory withers in the fields of fame,
 And fades away before thy mightier name.
 Let me too win renown ; let Lochlin feel
 My strength in arms, and sink beneath my steel :
 That future bards may pour the lofty strain
 To Gaul, the terror of th' embattled plain !

When thus FINGAL ; I glory in thy fame,
 May latest times record thy deathless name !
 When the clouds brighten with the dawning light,
 Brave son of Morni ! lead my troops to fight.

Yet

Yet shall FINGAL beside his warrior stand,
 Left Lochlin's monarch with his numerous band
 O'erpower my friend.—Ye bards! your voices raise,
 Pour the soft strain, and lull my soul to ease—
 And thou, lov'd fair! to fancy's view arise,
 When dewy sleep has clos'd my heavy eyes;
 If still regardful of thy former friends,
 Thy gentle shade the Lochlin host attends;
 If sailing on the clouds, thou view'st below
 Erin's dark rocks arise, and waters flow;
 Oh! may thy image meet thy warrior's sight,
 And fill with joy the transient dreams of night!

He said, and straight the tuneful harps around
 His mighty actions in the battle sound:
 Now swell their notes to Agandecca's praise;
 Nor was my name neglected in their lays.

Oft have I fought, and oft my lifted spear
 Has struck the souls of mighty chiefs with fear.
 But now forlorn, forsaken, and alone,
 Dark with old age, my strength, my vigor flown,
 Sorrowing I muse—no longer I behold
 The race of battle in the days of old :
 Unlike their sons !—But vainly I deplore
 The chiefs who now shall shine in arms no more !
 FINGAL is fall'n by death's resistless doom—
 The timorous roe feeds on the mossy tomb
 Of him, who was so great !—O fire, farewell !
 May thy lov'd shade in endless pleasure dwell !

End of the third Book.

ARGUMENT

A R G U M E N T

Of the FOURTH BOOK.

THE action of the Poem being suspended by night, *Ossian* takes that opportunity to relate his own actions at the lake of *Lego*, and his courtship of *Evirallin*, who was the mother of *Oscar*, and had died some time before the expedition of *Fingal* into *Erin*. Her ghost appears to him, and tells him, that *Oscar*, who had been sent with *Fillan* to observe the enemy, was engaged with an advanced party, and almost totally overpowered. *Ossian* relieves his son, who acquaints *Fingal* of the approach of the enemy. The king rises, calls his army together, and devolves the command on *Gaul*; and after having charged his sons to behave bravely, retires to an hill, from whence he might have a view of the battle: The armies engage; *Oscar*'s brave actions are related; but whilst he, in conjunction with his father, conquers in one wing, *Gaul*, who is attacked by *Swaran* in person, is on the point of retreating in the other. *Fingal* sends *Ullin*, his bard, to encourage him with a War-song.—*Swaran* prevails; *Gaul* and his army are obliged to give way: *Fingal*, descending from the hill, rallies them again. *Swaran* desists from the pursuit, possesses himself of a rising ground, and waits the approach of *Fingal*; who having encouraged his men, gives the necessary orders, and renews the battle. *Cuchullin*, who with *Connal* and *Carril* had retired to the cave of *Tura*, hearing the noise, comes to the brow of the hill, and sees *Fingal* engaged with the enemy. Being hindered by *Connal* from joining *Fingal*, who was upon the point of gaining a complete victory, he laments his own defeat, and sends *Carril* to congratulate that hero on his success.

F I N G A L.

B O O K IV.

* **W**HO seems descending from yon hill on high,
 Bright as the bow that paints the showery sky?
 'Tis fair Malvina—To thy Oscar's praise
 Shall aged Ossian tune his founding lays?
 Where Cona's waters wander o'er the plain
 We'll sit, and pour the melancholy strain.—
 Alas my son! for thee my sorrows flow,
 And my heart throbs with ever-during woe.
 When shall I cease to mourn, when find relief?
 My youth in war consum'd, my age in grief!

* FINGAL being asleep, and the action suspended by night, the poet introduces the story of his courtship of Evirallin, the daughter of Branno. This Episode is necessary to clear up several passages that follow in the poem; at the same time that it naturally brings on the action of the book, which may be supposed to begin about the middle of the third night from the opening of the poem.—This book is addressed to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar. She appears to have been in love with Oscar, and to have affected the company of the father after the death of the son.

MACPHERSON.

Not

Not thus my years in sorrow roll'd away ;
 No darkness gather'd round my rising day :
 Not thus—When Evirallin, beauteous maid !
 My ardent love with mutual love repaid.
 A thousand heroes fought the fair to gain ;
 A thousand heroes fought the fair in vain.
 Great Cormac vainly sued—To me alone
 Her conscious flame did Evirallin own.

To Lego's fable surge my course I bend,
 Twelve gallant warriors on my steps attend.
 Within his hall her aged fire I found,
 Branno, the strangers friend, in arms renown'd.

Why dost thou come, the hero said, from far,
 And why beside thee stand thy chiefs of war ?
 For Branno's daughter Erin's sons will rise
 In arms, and combat for the beauteous prize.

Yet prince renown'd in many a glorious field !

To thee with joy the lovely maid I yield.

Did twelve fair daughters in my palace shine,

Brave son of fame ! the pleasing choice were thine.

He gave her to my arms—what joy posselt

My youthful heart, what transport fir'd my breast !

The stately Cormac on the hills appear'd ;

Around him seven bold chiefs their javelins rear'd.

There Colla, Tago fam'd in fields of blood,

There Frestal, and the mighty Dairo stood :

Toscar, and Durra, heroes fam'd afar,

And haughty Dala shook the lance of war.

Ullin and Cerdal to my aid arise ;

Dark Dumericcan rolls his fullen eyes :

Ogar, on Ardven's echoing hills renown'd,

And generous Mullo kindles with the sound.

Fierce

Fierce Scelacha assumes his ponderous arms,
And Oglan kindles with our fierce alarms.

Ogar met Dala on the lifted plain—

Dire was the strife! as on the billowy main,
When driv'n by adverse winds the waves arise,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.
Stern Dala fell by matchless force subdued;
My friend's bright falchion drank his vital blood.
Nor would the valiant sons of Erin yield,
Till slain by me brave Cormac press'd the field:
When high in air I shook his grievously head,
The fiercest foe appal'd with terror fled.

If then, when glittering in the front of fight,
I stood exulting, conscious of my might;
The boldest chief to check my pride had dar'd,
And threatening, thus my future fate declar'd;

That

That blind and feeble I must wear away
 The clouded eve of life's declining day :
 That chief, had sunk beneath me on the plain,
 And mourn'd the rashness of his tongue in vain.

Now died away the music's tuneful sound,
 And Lena's gloomy heath was hush'd around :
 Th' unconstant blast loud-rustled thro' the wood ;
 The oak's descending leaves the plain bestrew'd.
 Deeply I muse—When lo ! * my much-lov'd fair,
 Her cloud-form'd robes flow-waving in the air,
 In beauty's light arises to my view :
 Soft-streaming tears her pallid cheeks bedew.
 Haste to thy Oscar's aid, the shadow cries,
 Seize thy huge lance, in sounding arms arise !
 Beside where Lubar's mazy waters run,
 With Lochlin's race contends thy gallant son.

* EVIRALLIN.

This

This said, in darkness her fair form she shrouds,
 Dissolves in air, and mingles with the clouds.

I grasp'd my spear, and seiz'd my massy shield;
 Loud rung my armour as I cross'd the field.
 On high I rais'd the dreadful shout of war;
 Which Lochlin heard like thunder from afar,
 Resounding thro' the gloom—appal'd with fear,
 The foe fled trembling from my Oscar's spear.
 Again to check his course my voice arose:
 He heard, obey'd, and left his flying foes.

Why dost thou stop my rage? the hero cried,
 Why is the battle to thy son denied?
 Arm'd in the terrors of the gloomy night,
 The sons of Lochlin wag'd th' unequal fight.
 Fillan and I their fierce attack withstood;
 Yon winding stream is dyed with hostile blood.

As driven by night's wild storms, the roaring main
 Rolls its black billows o'er the sandy plain ;
 So loud, so dark, our foes in firm array,
 Along the dusky heath pursue their way.
 I've heard the spirits shriek, and seen on high
 Death's fiery meteor gleam athwart the sky.
 Let me to Morven's king these tidings bear ;
 Soon will our mighty fire for war prepare ;
 And like the sun arising in a storm,
 When fable clouds the front of heav'n deform,
 In burnish'd arms will bend his furious course,
 And blaze destruction on the hostile force.

Tir'd with the toilsome labors of the day,
 Stretch'd on his bossy shield the monarch lay.
 Before his view arose the Lochlin maid,
 Down her wan cheek the tears of sorrow stray'd :
 Her face was like the vapors of the morn ;
 Loose on the winds her shadowy robes were borne.

Slowly

Slowly ascending from the rolling main,
 She bent her course o'er Lena's fatal plain :
 Oft from the king she turn'd her * silent eyes,
 Wav'd her pale hand—when thus the warrior cries :
 Why weeps my love with heart-felt grief deprest ?
 Alas, what sorrow racks thy gentle breast ?
 Nought she replied, but on the winds of night
 Ascending swiftly, vanish'd from his sight :
 Her hapless friends the mournful fair deplor'd,
 Destin'd to fall beneath his vengeful sword.
 He wak'd, but still in beauty's charms array'd,
 To fancy's view appear'd the lovely maid.

At length young Oscar's founding steps he hears,
 Before his fight the gallant youth appears :
 O'er the dark-rolling wave the lamp of day
 Gleams faint ; his shield reflects the early ray.

* Huc, illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat
 Luminibus tacitis.

VIRGIL.

To him the monarch; Fly our haughty foes,
 Or dare they once again my might oppose?
 But wherefore ask I?—founding from afar,
 Loud and more loud I hear the shouts of war.
 Occasion now thy utmost speed demands—
 Haste, rouse my friends, and range my martial bands.

Thrice did FINGAL his voice loud-thund'ring rear;
 By Cromla's mountains leapt the timorous deer:
 The rocks resounded—As from mountains hoar,
 In different channels foaming torrents roar;
 So flow'd the scatter'd troops—As borne on high,
 The fleeting vapors sail along the sky,
 Till by the northern blast condens'd, they form
 The rattling hail, and pour the sounding storm:
 Thus all arising at their king's command,
 In thick'ning ranks around the hero stand.
 The hardy warriors at the sound rejoice,
 And hear with transport their lov'd monarch's voice.

Oft

Oft had FINGAL to conquest led the way,
 And struck opposing troops with dire dismay;
 Whilst his brave soldiers seiz'd the hostile spoils,
 The well-earn'd trophies of their martial toils.

Come to the war, ye sons of battle! bred
 Where wrapt in storms high Ardven lifts his head—
 The monarch cried: Behold, FINGAL retires,
 Whilst Morni's son my friends to combat fires.
 Follow the chief in dangers undismay'd,
 Victorious prove, nor seek your Leader's aid:
 Then shall the bards exalt their tuneful lays,
 And crown my hero with distinguish'd praise.—
 Ye spirits of the dead! who, borne on high,
 Guide the loud tempest thro' the vaulted sky;
 Receive my falling people to your care,
 Welcome my warriors to the fields of air!
 May winds auspicious, o'er the watry way,
 To Morven's coast their airy forms convey;
 Then

Then shall their shades arise before my sight,
 And fill with joy the transient dreams of night.
 Fillan and Oscar! on the foe advance;
 Fair Ryno! lift on high thy pointed lance:
 Stand in the fight like Morni's valiant heir,
 With glowing bosoms unappal'd with fear.
 Regard the chief, with force like his engage,
 Like him consume the battle in your rage.
 If you behold some aged warrior low,
 Protect him from the proud, insulting foe:
 Lift your broad shields, your flaming spears extend,
 And think in him you save your father's friend.
 If you, my sons! on Lena's heath expire,
 Not long behind you stays your aged fire:
 Borne on the winds of heaven we'll meet on high,
 And float together thro' the liquid sky.

As clouds, around whose side the lightning gleams,
 Roll westward from the morning's fiery beams;

So

So mov'd the monarch from th' advancing war :

His polish'd arms gleam'd terrible afar.

Two pointed lances glitter'd in his hand,

And oft he turn'd, and eyed his martial band.

His locks of age hung floating in the wind :

Three aged bards attending mov'd behind.

By Cromla's side he wav'd his falchion's light,

And as the hero wav'd, we rush'd to fight.

Oscar rejoic'd, his soul with transport glow'd,

Down his red cheek the tears of pleasure flow'd :

Bright in his hand the sword of battle shone,

And eager thus began my gallant son :

O Ossian, chief renown'd ! from war retire,

Like thee, let Oscar deathless fame acquire.

But, if I fall beneath some hostile chief,

With words of comfort sooth Malvina's grief.

E'en now perhaps her rolling eye she bends
 From the steep rock, that o'er the sea impends :
 Around her breast her hair dishevel'd flies,
 And her soft bosom swells with frequent sighs.
 Tell her, ascending to the plains above,
 An airy shadow thro' the skies I rove :
 Tell her, with joy I'll meet my lovely fair,
 And guide her spirit thro' the trackless air.

Shall Ossian, I replied, from war retire,
 When glory summons, and my soul's on fire ?
 This arm shall guide thee thro' the dangerous day,
 My friends protection, and the foes dismay.
 But if in war I meet the hero's doom,
 Raise o'er my breathless corse the mossy tomb :
 Beside me place the antlers of a deer,
 The twanging bow, keen sword, and pointed spear.
 No lovely fair, if Ossian low in dust
 Extended lies, to Oscar's care I trust :

No

No spouse remaining will my fate deplore :

The beauteous Evirallin is no more !

Such were our Words, when Morni's Son from far,
With thund'ring Voice proclaim'd th' approaching War;
Wav'd his keen Sword, and rising in his Might,
With Rage impetuous plung'd amid the Fight.

The din of arms arose, as waters roar,
Loud-foaming, swelling to the rocky shore.
Man rush'd on man: their shields and helms resound,
The splinter'd javelins strew the purple ground.
As hammers on the burning iron ring,
When from each blow the fiery sparkles spring,
So rung their arms; and from each mighty stroke
The riven steel in sudden lightning broke.

Like Ardven's whirlwind rushing thro' the plain,
The son of Morni strew'd the fields with slain;

And, where the might of Lochlin's king engag'd,
Destruction follow'd, and the battle rag'd.

His course was dreadful, as the flames that rise

O'er the wild waste, swift glancing thro' the skies

Their baleful beams—Unmatch'd in arms I stood,

My javelin glitter'd in the strife of blood.

Well-pleas'd I saw the chiefs of Lochlin shun

Young Oscar's might—my best, my greatest son!

With terror wing'd they fled his force in vain—

Dire gleam'd his falchion o'er th' ensanguin'd plain!

As falling stones from rock to rock rebound ;

As axes in the echoing forest found ;

In broken peals as bursting from on high,

The rolling thunder shakes the vaulted sky ;

Our blows resounded—Death succeeded death,

And our proud foes lay gasping on the heath.

Loud

Loud as on Inistore's resounding coast
 Foams the swell'd main; the chief of Lochlin's host
 Rush'd fierce on Morni's son—FINGAL from far
 Beheld him bursting thro' the ranks of war.
 Half from his seat the king began to rise,
 Grasp'd his huge lance, and roll'd his fiery eyes.
 Haste, Ullin haste, he swiftly cried, inspire
 Morni's brave son to emulate his fire:
 Let thy loud song the warrior's soul inflame
 With hopes of glory, and immortal fame.

The hoary bard descended to the plain,
 And thus began his animating strain.
 Leader of battle, chief renown'd afar!
 Strong arm of death, and son of glorious war!
 Destroy the foe—Let Lochlin's sons no more
 Bound o'er the waters to their native shore.
 Like thunder let thy arm their strength confound;
 Lift like a waving flame thy sword around:

Like lightning dart thine eyes, and on their fight,
 Like death's red meteor pour thy buckler's light.
 Destroy!—But Swaran cleft the warrior's shield;
 Gaul stern retir'd, and Morven fled the field.

This saw the king, and thrice he rear'd on high
 His mighty voice loud-echoing thro' the sky.
 Abash'd, the warriors heard the well-known sound,
 And bent their glowing faces to the ground.

As when a dusky cloud furcharg'd with rain,
 Rolls slowly-threatning o'er the marshy plain;
 Around the hills the sable vapors lour,
 And the green vale expects the future shower;
 So mov'd FINGAL.—When Lochlin's chief survey'd
 The king advancing to his people's aid;
 Propt on his bending spear awhile he stood,
 And call'd his warriors from the plain of blood.

To

To Lena's rising heath he led his host,
 And view'd with grief his hopes of conquest lost.
 As some huge oak worn by unnumber'd years,
 And scorch'd with fire majestic still appears :
 Far o'er the lonely stream its boughs are spread,
 And the storms echo round its lofty head :
 Thus Swaran spent with toil, undaunted stands,
 Whilst wide around him pour his martial bands.

Like heaven's bright beam, amid his host appears
 Morven's great king, and thus his will declares.
 Unfurl my standards, let them rise on high,
 Sound on the winds, and glitter thro' the sky.
 Ye sons of streamy Morven, fam'd afar !
 Awhile attend your leader of the war.
 Let Morni's son, and Connal meet my fight,
 And Oscar doom'd to shine in future fight :
 Before my view let dark-hair'd Dermid stand,
 And mighty Ossian hear his fire's command.

The king's extended standard high we rear'd;
 Emboss'd with gold the glittering staff appear'd.
 Each hero's soul exulted as it flew,
 Wide o'er the sky far-blazing to the view;
 Like the pure azure of th' ethereal plain,
 Deck'd with the radiant moon, and starry train.
 Their gaudy banners all his chiefs display;
 Their troops around them stand in firm array.

Behold the scatter'd foe, our monarch cried,
 Like broken clouds they on the heath divide;
 Or woods consum'd by lightning; when above
 The meteor glimmers thro' the shatter'd grove.
 Let each brave leader with his marshal'd powers,
 Select some troop that on the mountain lours.
 Soon shall yon host your matchless valor feel,
 And sink beneath my friends avenging steel.

Lano's

Lano's seven chiefs, cried Gaul, my force shall shun,
 Or fall beneath the arm of Morni's son.
 The king of Inistore my Oscar chose,
 And Connal dar'd Inifcon's prince oppose.
 Fierce Dermid cried; or Mudan's chief, or I,
 Shall breathless on the plain of Ullin lie.
 I vow'd to make the king of Terman yield
 To me the glorious conquest of the field.

When thus FINGAL; Success my chiefs attend!
 May Lochlin's sons beneath your prowess bend!
 To meet their haughty leader I prepare,
 A chief deserving of your monarch's spear.

Now, like an hundred winds that roar on high,
 And thro' an hundred different vallies fly;
 Our troops dividing, swiftly pour'd around:
 Their founding footsteps shook the echoing ground.

* Daughter

* Daughter of Toscar ! how can I relate
 The strife of heroes fir'd with mutual hate ?
 As banks before the rapid torrent yield,
 Beneath our fury Lochlin press'd the field.
 Each chief his vow perform'd ; their blood distain'd
 Our beaming arms, and wild destruction reign'd.

O thou ! whose swelling bosom, lovely fair !
 Can with the smoothly-failing swan compare ;
 When on her plumes the winds obliquely blow,
 And gently float around her breast of snow !
 Oft hast thou seen the ruler of the day
 Descending slowly glance his ruddy ray,
 Ere night's dark shades involve the hills around,
 And whistling storms at intervals resound :
 Soon thro' the dusky air the lightning gleams,
 The shades of heroes mount the vivid beams :

* MALVINA.

Loud

Loud thunder roars on high: descending rain
 Swells the rude stream, and shakes the sounding plain—
 Thus the fields echoed to our loud alarms;
 Thus wide around us flam'd our splendid arms.

Daughter of Toscar! why these mournful sighs?
 Say, why with sorrow stream thy radiant eyes?
 Let Lochlin's maids their slaughter'd chiefs deplore,
 Those hapless chiefs, who shine in arms no more!—
 If thou wilt weep, on me thy tears bestow,
 On me, with age grown blind, and sunk with woe!
 Fall'n are my friends, and Ossian pants in vain
 To mix with heroes in the martial plain!

Beneath FINGAL an hoary warrior lies
 Groveling in dust; his faint, expiring eyes
 He rolls on Morven's king.—Is this thy meed,
 The monarch cried, beneath my arm to bleed?

Oftimes

Oftimes hast thou my hapless fair deplor'd,
 Who fell beneath her father's vengeful sword:
 Against the ruthless chief thy wrath arose;
 A constant foe to Agandecca's foes.
 O'er thy pale corse the mossy stone I'll raise,
 And Ullin's lofty voice shall sound thy praise.

In Cromla's cave, loud-echoing from afar,
 Cuchullin heard the tumult of the war:
 Connal and Carril near the chief appear'd,
 Each in his hand his aspen javelin rear'd.
 From far they saw the host of Lochlin yield
 To Morven's sons the conquest of the field.
 The tide of battle pour'd along the plain;
 As when by storms impell'd, the raging main
 Rolls its swell'd billows on the sounding shores,
 Bursts o'er the rocks, and thro' the valley roars.

Fir'd at the fight, behold Cuchullin rise!
 The falchion glitters in his hand ; his eyes
 With indignation flame on Erin's foe,
 And anger darkens his contracted brow.
 Thrice strove the chief to rush into the plain,
 Thrice did his prudent friends his rage restrain.

The fiery warrior, Connal thus addrest,
 And calm'd the rising fury of his breast :
 Seek not to share the glory of thy friend,
 Conquest and honor on his steps attend.
 Behold him in the greatness of his might,
 Rush like a tempest thro' the ranks of fight.

Cuchullin thus replied ; To Morven's lord,
 Thou, Carril, bear thy leader's beamy sword :
 For I, alas ! deserve no more to wield
 The arms of heroes in the marshal'd field.

When

When Lochlin falls, as roaring streams decay
 The tempest past, to him exalt thy lay.
 Ye souls of mighty warriors ! now no more,
 Ye ghosts of Cromla ! your fall'n chief deplore !
 In Tura's lonely cave with me complain,
 And raise around the melancholy strain !
 No more shall I renown'd in battle stand,
 Or shine among the mighty of the land.
 My fame is transient as the lightning's gleam,
 Or vapors fading to the morning beam.
 Cease, Connal cease ! thy vain attempt give o'er ;
 The charms of glory fire my soul no more.
 Talk not of arms—In Tura's cell I'll close
 Life's clouded eye, and seek in death repose.
 And thou, Bragela, much-lov'd fair, adieu !
 Thy vanquish'd chieftain thou no more shalt view !

End of the fourth Book.

A R G U M E N T

Of the FIFTH BOOK:

CONNAL comforts *Cuchullin*. — *Fingal* and *Swaran* meet; the combat described: *Swaran* is overcome, and delivered as a prisoner to the care of *Ossian* and *Gaul*. The Episode of *Orla*, a chief of *Lochlin*, who was mortally wounded in the battle, is introduced. *Fingal*, touched with his death, orders the pursuit to be discontinued: Calling his sons together, he is informed that *Ryno*, the youngest of them, was killed. He laments his death, hears the story of *Lamderg* and *Gelcbossa*, and returns towards the place where he had left *Swaran*. *Carril*, who had been sent by *Cuchullin* to congratulate *Fingal* on his victory, comes in the mean time to *Ossian*. The conversation of the two Bards closes the action of the fourth day.

F I N G A L.

B O O K V.

BY Cromla's airy side the warriors stood,
And from afar the furious conflict view'd.

At length the prudent Connal silence broke,

And thus to Erin's chief in pity spoke:

Why does thy soul to gloomy sorrow yield?

Behold our friends victorious in the field!

How many heroes by thy prowess slain,

Have sunk beneath thee on th'ensanguin'd plain!

How often hast thou met Bragela's fight,

With glory crown'd returning from the fight!

While to her ears thy bards exalted lays

Have sung thy fame, and eterniz'd thy praise!

Lo!

Lo! where from Morven's king whole troops retire—
 Bright flame his arms like heaven's descending fire.
 Dire is his course; * like torrents swell'd with rain,
 Tumultuous foaming o'er the wasted plain;
 Or storms that thro' the vale confusion spread,
 And rend the forest from the mountain's head.
 Blest are the people, happy is the land,
 Where thou, brave monarch! hast supreme command.
 How dire thy rage when hostile troops advance!
 What numbers fall by thy consuming lance!
 But yet in peace how gentle is thy sway!
 Consenting thousands thy behests obey,
 Pleas'd when commanded—whilst in fields of fame,
 Embattled armies tremble at thy name!
 But who from far, confiding in his force,
 Drives on FINGAL the thunder of his course?

* ——— torrentis aquæ, vel turbinis atri
 More fluens.———

VIRGIL.

Who, but the mighty Swaran, dares withstand
 The king of Morven's wide-destroying hand?
 As when two powerful spirits strive to gain
 Supreme dominion o'er the spacious main;
 Some hunter from a distant hill espies
 The clouds advancing thro' the darken'd skies;
 He hears from far the strength of ocean roar,
 And views the waves burst foaming on the shore.

He said; and now the chiefs with dire alarms
 Met furious—loudly ring their burnish'd arms;
 As when with fire intense the furnace glows,
 And widely echoes to the sounding blows.
 Shorn are their towering helms—in sparkles flies
 The riven steel—with fury flame their eyes.
 From the strong mail their pointed spears rebound,
 And the cleft bucklers glitter on the ground.
 Each to the earth his batter'd falchion threw,
 And on his foe with rage redoubled flew.

They.

They both with ardent hopes of conquest glow,
 And firmly plant their mighty limbs below.
 But when their strength arose in all its pride,
 They tugg'd, they strain'd, they turn'd from side to side:
 The shrubs uprooted in wild ruin lay,
 The hillocks shook, the tottering rocks gave way.
 At length, for all to Morven's king must yield,
 Great Swaran fell extended on the field.

Thus have I seen, when swell'n by sudden showers,
 Cona's dark torrent thro' the valley pours,
 (Thy streams, O Morven! I behold no more,
 Thy ruffet plains, and billow-beaten shore!)
 Two strong-bas'd mountains with their waving woods,
 And craggy rocks, mov'd by the rushing floods,
 Loud-thundering fall—the hills, the vales resound,
 And the huge ruin stretches wide around.

When thus FINGAL ; I trust to Offian's care,
 And my brave friend, old Morni's valiant heir,
 The far-fam'd leader of the Lochlin host,
 Strong as the waves that roar around his coast.
 Ye generous chiefs ! his pensive steps attend,
 And sooth the woes of Agandecca's friend.
 My youthful sons ! pursue the flying foe,
 Lift the keen sword, and bend the fatal bow :
 That Erin may secure from danger rest,
 Nor Lochlin's host henceforth its peace molest.

As lightning swift, impatient of delay,
 O'er Lena's heath they bent their rapid way :
 But moving on majestically flow,
 As clouds roll threat'ning o'er the vale below,
 With thunder charg'd, strode Morven's mighty lord—
 Dire as the meteor's blaze, his deathful sword
 Gleam'd o'er the dusky heath—In wild affright
 The foe fled trembling from the dreadful fight.

By

By Lubar's stream, of spirit unsubdued,
 Resolv'd on death the gallant Orla stood.

Why does yon chief, the king of Morven cried,
 Stand by the rolling wave in gloomy pride,
 As vapors from the foaming torrent rise,
 And spread their fable banners o'er the skies?—
 Like some huge pine that on the heath appears,
 In his strong hand the mighty lance he rears:
 Say, do these eyes a friend or foe behold?
 Thy shield is ample, thy demeanor bold.

To him the chief; From Lochlin's coast I came,
 Nor weak this arm, nor yet unknown to fame,
 Has Orla liv'd—but now I view no more
 My much-lov'd consort, or my native shore.

Yield, valiant youth! the monarch made reply,
 Nor with unequal force my might defy!

Foes stand not in my presence ; but renown'd
 My heroes live, with deathless glory crown'd.
 Partake the feast with our victorious host,
 And chace the rapid deer on Morven's coast.

When Orla thus ; In glorious arms to shine,
 T' oppose the strong, and aid the weak is mine.
 Still flam'd this sword unequal'd in the fight ;
 Let Morven's monarch yield to Orla's might.

To him FINGAL ; In arms I never yield ;
 Conquest still follows where I tread the field.
 If thou wilt fight, from yonder martial train
 Select some chief, and dare him to the plain.

Does Morven's king, indignant he replied,
 With taunting words my force in arms deride ?
 Thou, only Thou art worthy to oppose
 This fatal lance, of all my numerous foes.

If

If slain by thee I fall—for soon or late
 The brave must die, the great submit to fate !
 On high let Orla's stately tomb ascend,
 And to my spouse this massy falchion send.
 With this, my generous confort shall inspire
 Her youthful son to emulate his fire.
 This beaming sword shall his bold soul inflame
 To live with glory crown'd, or die with fame.

Why dost thou call, the hoary king replies,
 The tears of sorrow to my aged eyes ?
 Heroes must fall!—Their children shall espy
 Their rust-worn armour useless hang on high.
 But Orla's tomb shall rise—thy beaming sword
 Thy spouse shall view, and mourn her hapless lord.

Orla withstood the monarch's force in vain ;
 FINGAL's bright falchion cleft his shield in twain.

Swift on the echoing earth with thund'ring sound
 It fell—the fragments glitter'd wide around :
 Thus faintly shines the moon's reflected light
 With trembling lustre on the stream of night.

With feeble voice he thus the king address'd ;
 Lift thy keen sword, and plunge it in my breast.
 My timorous friends are scatter'd o'er the plain ;
 Wounded and helpless I alone remain.
 Beside where Loda rolls his rapid flood,
 While the blast rustles thro' the leafy wood,
 My lovely comfort shall with sorrow hear
 Her Orla's fate, and drop the tender tear.

Ne'er, cried the monarch, by this fatal hand,
 Shalt thou, brave warrior ! press a foreign land.
 On Loda's sedgey banks, from war restor'd,
 Thy lovely spouse shall greet her gallant lord.

What

What heart-felt joy, what transport will inspire
 The tender bosom of thy hoary fire,
 To hear thy voice!—Tho' darkness veils his eyes,
 He'll at the sound with eagerness arise,
 And searching with his aged arms, enfold
 That son, he cannot with his eyes behold.

Alas! exclaim'd the chief, he'll search in vain;
 The hapless Orla falls on Lena's plain.
 Heroes of distant lands my tomb will raise,
 And bards of foreign climes proclaim my praise.
 Beneath this belt my wound of death's confin'd,
 And thus, behold, I give it to the wind!

From this deep wound fast flow'd the vital blood—
 Awhile in silent woe the monarch stood;
 Then call'd his youthful sons, and thus express'd
 The tender feelings of his generous breast.

Far

Far from the land where Loda's waters roll,
 Far from the much-lov'd confort of his soul,
 Tho' low in dust the gallant Orla lies,
 Let to his fame the stately tomb arise.
 His spouse will weep—the feeble arm will strain
 To bend the hero's stubborn bow in vain.
 His faithful dogs shall lift their howling voice,
 And free from fear the tusky boars rejoice.
 Mourn, mourn ye youths! the arm of war deplore,
 The great is fall'n, the mighty is no more!
 Exalt the voice, the horn loud-sounding blow,
 Recall my warriors from the vanquish'd foe.
 Fillan and Oscar! fly across the heath,
 And Ryno, stop th' insatiate rage of death!
 Speaks not my son?—once foremost to fulfil
 The dictates of his aged monarch's will.

Sage Ullin thus replied, By Lochlin slain,
 His breathless body rests on Lena's plain :

His

His gallant spirit mounts th' etherial sky,
And joins his fathers awful forms on high.

And is my son, exclaim'd the monarch, low?
Once fam'd in war to bend the fatal bow!—
The cloud of death has veil'd thy rising day!
But scarcely known—forever snatch'd away!
Soft be thy sleep on Lena's gloomy plain;
Not long behind thee shall thy fire remain.
My lofty voice must soon forget to sound,
Nor will my footsteps on the heath be found.
Yet, shall my fame survive to latest days,
And future ages will proclaim my praise.
But thou art low indeed!—Death's fatal doom
Has nipt thy glory in its vernal bloom.
No more FINGAL shall guide thee thro' the fight,
Or teach thee how to speed the arrow's flight.
Soon is thy rapid race of glory run—
Ryno, farewell—farewel my lovely son!—
Harmonious

Harmonious Ullin, pour the founding lay,

And praise the youth untimely snatch'd away :

Oh ! tell, what Ryno would have prov'd, had fate

Allow'd the hero but a longer date.

He said ; his manly bosom throbs with woe,

While down his cheek the tears of sorrow flow.

Strong was his son, and dreadful in the fight,

Like fire wide-blazing thro' the clouds of night ;

When shatter'd oaks bestrew the burning ground,

And the lone trav'ler trembles at the sound.

The king began ; O Ullin ! skill'd to raise

The tuneful song to our forefathers praise,

Beneath yon moss-grown stones that I behold,

Rest some fam'd warriors in the days of old ?

If so, beside them in the dreary grave

My son shall sleep—a neighbour of the brave :

With

With them shall mount the rolling clouds, that bear
 Their mighty shades along the trackless air.

Here Lamderg rests in peace, the bard replies,
 Here his proud foe, the haughty * Ullin lies.
 Oh ! say, what beauteous spirit passes by ?
 The airy form glides swiftly thro' the sky—
 'Tis fair Gelchoffa—To obtain thy love,
 A thousand gallant warriors vainly strove :
 But when with ardent vows brave Lamderg came, ;
 Thy gentle bosom felt a mutual flame.

To Selma's halls from many a well-fought field
 The chief return'd, and struck his moony shield.
 Whither alas ! is my Gelchoffa fled ?
 (Thus to his friend the wond'ring hero said)

* It is rather unfortunate that so many of Ossian's heroes should have similar names.—We have three or four Cairbars ; (one mentioned in this Episode, who, as he conduces nothing to the action, I have taken the liberty of omitting :) Two Ullins, two Cormacs, two Fergus's, two Grumals, and two Connals.

In Selma's halls I left my lovely fair,
 Ere fierce Ulfadda sunk beneath my spear.
 She charg'd me to return with tearful eyes,
 And her white bosom swell'd with frequent sighs.
 But now no more she meets her warrior's fight,
 To sooth my soul returning from the fight.
 No skilful bard exalts the lofty strain :
 Mute is the hall where pleasure wont to reign.

The son of Aidon thus ; Thro' Cromla's groves,
 Gelchoffa with her fair attendants roves.
 Perchance on Lena's heath she bends her bow,
 Or drives along the plain the timorous roe.

Alas ! she follows not, the chief replied,
 The bounding deer by Cromla's woody side :
 No shouts on Lena's dusky heath arise :
 No roe before the panting greyhound flies.

She

She comes not, lovely as the lamp of night,
 That skirts the wandering clouds with fleecy light;
 When its mild lustre o'er the ether streams,
 And the dark mountain brightens with the beams.
 * Allad, with wisdom crown'd, and length of days,
 May tell me where my lov'd Gelchoffa strays.

The son of Aidon fought the aged man,
 And thus submissively the chief began:
 Oh thou! who in the hollow rock dost dwell,
 Where circling stones surround thy lonely cell,
 Before whose sight ideal forms arise,
 Oh! say, what visions saw thine aged eyes?

Ullin I saw, the hoary Allad cried,
 Like a black cloud descend from Cromla's side.

* Allad is plainly a Druid; he is called the *son of the rock* from his dwelling in a cave; and the circle of stones here mentioned is the pale of the Druidical temple.—From the Druids no doubt came the ridiculous notion of the second sight, which prevailed in the Highlands and Isles.

MACPHERSON.

In

In arms he strode, and rais'd the dreadful song,
 Loud as a storm the leafless woods along.
 Before Gelchoffa the fierce warrior came,
 And call'd with threatening voice on Lamderg's name.
 She thus return'd ; Alas ! in distant lands
 The chief of Cromla fires his martial bands :
 He shines unequal'd in the fields of fight,
 Fly from his rage, nor dare superior might.

Three days by Cromla, sternly he replied,
 Shall Ullin clad in glittering mail abide.
 Then if he comes, this strong right hand shall prove,
 Who best deserves the fair Gelchoffa's love :
 But if the warrior his return delay,
 My beauteous prize I'll to my halls convey.

When Lamderg thus ; May thee no ill's molest,
 Nor aught disturb the visions of thy rest.

He

He said, and like a tempest rush'd along ;

* Loud as a torrent was his lofty song.

Like some dark cloud before the rising storm,

That slowly varies to the winds its form,

On Cromla's brow he stood—a rock he flung

Prone down the steep—the hills, the vallies rung.

The sign of battle haughty Ullin heard,

Grasp'd his strong javelin, and for fight prepar'd :

Sternly he smil'd, and fir'd with proud disdain,

In blazing arms shot furious o'er the plain.

Gelchoffa saw him Cromla's height ascend,

As rising mists around the mountain bend.

* Mr. Macpherson translates this passage—" *He hummed a surly song like the noise of a falling stream.*"—And in the 4th book, Ossian "*hums a song that seem'd to the enemy like distant thunder,*"—Intending (I suppose) by it a doleful and indistinct sound. Probably the ancient Caledonians had a similar custom to that of the Germans; "*who, in their war-songs, studied a harsh sound with a broken and unequal murmur, and therefore applied their shields to their mouths, that the voice by rebounding might swell with greater fulness and force.*"

Tacitus de Moribus Germanorum.

L

Silent

Silent and sad the fair his course pursued,
 And from afar the furious conflict view'd.—
 But why to thee, brave monarch! should I tell
 How wrathful heroes fight?—stern Ullin fell.

With pallid cheek, and arms distain'd with blood,
 Before his love the mighty Lamderg stood.
 Whence flows this purple stream? Gelchoffa cries—
 'Tis Ullin's gore—th' expiring chief replies;
 Here let me rest—He said, and on the ground
 Sunk breathless—life came issuing thro' the wound.

And art thou fall'n? the fair Gelchoffa cried—
 Three days she mourn'd, in sorrow pin'd and died.
 Beneath these stones o'er-grown with moss, is laid
 Close by the warrior's side, the hapless maid.

He ceas'd; and thus FINGAL his friends address;
 Here shall my son, my lovely Ryno rest.

Hither

Hither be Orla brought, who held command

Where Loda's waters lave the verdant land.

Brave youths! deserving of a longer date,

Your merits equal, and the same your fate!

Awhile they flourish'd; like two lofty trees,

That tower in air, and rustle to the breeze;

But when the storms along the heath resound,

Sudden they fall, and wither on the ground.

Daughters of Morven! loud lament my son,

My lovely Ryno is forever gone!

Ye maids of Loda! Orla's fate deplore,

The gallant Orla shines in arms no more!

Oh Oscar! act like them—tho' few their days,

Their names shall flourish with eternal praise.

Like them, distinguish'd in the battle shine,

But may a longer, happier life be thine!

And when the days of war and danger cease,

Be calm as Ryno in the hour of peace:

Like the gay bow arch'd o'er the misty streams ;
 When from the east of heaven, the parting beams
 With trembling lustre on the mountain play,
 And pleasing silence crowns the eve of day.
 Rest, rest my son ! for vainly I bewail
 Thy early fate—we too like thee must fail !

Such were thy words, O king ! when Morven gave
 The youthful Ryno to the silent grave.
 Such was thy grief—But what must Ossian's be,
 Who now my mighty fire no longer see ?—
 No more on Cona sounds thy voice afar :
 No more I hear the ruler of the war—
 FINGAL is fall'n ! and rustling thro' the leaves,
 The desert's blast my listning ears deceives—
 Dark on his tomb I rest with tearful eyes :
 I feel it with my hands—my sorrows rise !—

Beside

Befide where Lubar's mazy waters run,
 I fate with Gaul, and Starno's gloomy fon :
 To please the fullen king I strove in vain,
 Tun'd the loud harp, and pour'd th' enlivening strain.
 As oft dark Lena's fatal heath he view'd,
 I saw his wrath arife, and grief renew'd.

I turn'd my eyes to Cromla's mossy brow,
 And faw Cuchullin to the plain below
 Slowly descend—forrow and joy his mind
 Alternate held—fage Connal mov'd behind.
 From far the heroes polish'd armour gleams,
 And cafts around the fun's reflected beams.
 They fink behind the hill : as in the night,
 Two flaming pillars of ethereal light,
 Driv'n by the winds along the mountain fly,
 And slowly vanish in the troubled fky.
 Now in his lonely cave, whilst wide around
 The hoarfe streams murmur, and the winds refound,

Beside an oak, that o'er the river bends
 Its age-worn trunk, and wide its boughs extends,
 Cuchullin rests—o'erwhelm'd with grief and shame,
 He mourns his battles lost, his wither'd fame,
 His glory vanish'd, like as mists decay
 In Cona's vale before the blaze of day.
 Nor can thy fair Bragela bring relief,
 To sooth thy soul, and check the rage of grief.
 Tho' she at distance dwells, to fancy's eyes
 May her lov'd image in thy presence rise!
 May that the anguish of thy mind controul,
 And still the grief that preys upon thy soul!

But lo! the son of harmony appears,
 The hoary bard renown'd in other years—
 Hail aged Carril, venerable fire!
 With voice delightful as the tuneful lyre,
 That sounds in Tura's echoing halls the praise
 Of mighty heroes fam'd in ancient days:

Pleasing,

Pleasing, as when the sun with gentle showers
 Blends his bright rays, and opes the budding flowers.

When thus the bard ; O Ossian, chief renown'd !
 Thou best canst raise the soul-enchanting sound.
 The days of old my memory recalls ;
 How oft in Branno's widely-echoing halls,
 Together we have pour'd our tuneful lays,
 And sung the beauteous Evirallin's praise.
 Oft has thy lovely consort join'd with thine
 Her voice sweet-sounding in the strain divine.
 Of Cormac's fate she sung, and oft deplor'd
 The chief who fell beneath thy conqu'ring sword.
 In vain for love thy gallant rival sued,
 Yet soft compassion all her soul subdued.

Alas my friend ! I cried with streaming eyes,
 In the dark grave my Evirallin lies—

Pierce not this bosom with the shafts of woe,

Nor bid the useless tears of sorrow flow.

Here sit, O bard ! thy voice harmonious raise,

Soft as the gale that thro' the valley plays ;

When to the hunter's dream, in robes of light,

Descending spirits meet his raptur'd sight ;

Their shadowy harps, and airy forms appear,

While sounds melodious strike his listning ear,

End of the fifth Book.

A R G U M E N T

Of the SIXTH BOOK:

NIGHT comes on—FINGAL gives a feast to his army, at which *Swaran* is present. The king commands *Ullin*, his bard, to give the song of peace. *Ullin* relates the actions of *Trenmor*, great grandfather to FINGAL, in *Locklin*, and his marriage with the sister of a king who was ancestor to *Swaran*: Which consideration, together with that of his being brother to *Agandecca*, with whom FINGAL was in love in his youth, induces the king to release him, and permit him to return into *Locklin* with his army. The night is spent in settling *Swaran*'s departure, in songs of the bards, and in a conversation, in which the story of *Grumal* is introduced by FINGAL.—Morning comes, *Swaran* departs.—FINGAL goes on a hunting party, and finding *Cuchullin*, comforts him, and sets sail the next day for *Morven*.—This concludes the Poem, the action of which scarcely takes up six days.

F I N G A L.

B O O K VI.

NIGHT o'er the sky her shadowy mantle spread;
The clouds dark-rolling veil'd the mountain's
head :

The stars with splendor deck'd th' ethereal plain,
Their pale beams glitter'd o'er the sable main.
Faintly-resounding in the distant wood
The winds were heard—But o'er the plain of blood
Deep silence reign'd : save where the rocks around
Responded soft to Carril's tuneful sound.
Of ancient times he sung, of heroes bold,
Renown'd for prowess in the days of old :
Borne on the blast the warriors spirits came,
Attentive, listning to their former fame.

Blest

Blest be thy soul, O Bard ! now rapt on high,
 The winds light pinions waft thee thro' the sky.
 Come to my halls—forfaken and alone,
 There Ossian pours his unavailing moan.
 Oft to my soul thy spirit gladness brings,
 When thy light fingers touch the trembling strings.
 With joy, my friend ! I hear the feeble sound,
 But roll in vain my sightless orbs around.
 O Carril ! sooth my heart-consuming grief,
 And with kind converse give my soul relief—
 When shall those eyes, now wrapt in gloomy night,
 Behold my brave associates in the fight ?
 But far away the winds thy spirit bear,
 And the blast whistles thro' my hoary hair.

On Mora's heath the feasts of joy arise ;
 A thousand oaks shine blazing to the skies :
 Content and pleasure in each bosom spring,
 In all, but Lochlin's soul-tormented king:

He

He views dark Lena from the mountain's side,
And sorrow reddens in his eyes of pride.

FINGAL, reclining on his ample shield,
Beheld the warrior mourn the fatal field:
His hair, that glitter'd to the moon's pale light,
Hung lightly-waving on the wind of night.
He thus began; Since war and discord cease,
Melodious Ullin, raise the song of peace!
Let every bard assume his tuneful lyre,
And the vex'd mind with joyful thoughts inspire;
That our brave foe, deprest with grief no more,
May quit in pleasure Erin's fatal shore.
In me th' oppress'd a sure protector find.
I aid the weak, and cheer th' afflicted mind.
Oh Oscar! when opposing hosts advance,
Dire is the lightning of my lifted lance:
But when my foes submit, and battles cease,
My anger dies—my falchion sleeps in peace.

Sage

Sage Ullin rais'd the song : O'er Morven's land,
 When mighty Trenmor held supreme command ;
 In quest of glory, with a chosen train,
 He sail'd undaunted thro' the stormy main.
 At length before his long-expecting eyes
 He saw the rugged rocks of Lochlin rise ;
 And its vast woods with misty vapors crown'd,
 Projecting wide a dreary shade around.
 The chief descended on the sandy shore,
 Travers'd the wilds, and fought the mighty boar,
 Whose strength, so fame had told, and matchless rage,
 The boldest heroes trembled to engage.
 But Trenmor's deathful lance with force impell'd,
 Transfix'd his tusky foe—Three chiefs beheld,
 As thro' the gloomy wood they bent their way,
 Where stretch'd in dust the breathless savage lay :
 And told their monarch, how in armour bright,
 Like some huge pillar of ethereal light,

The

The mighty stranger stood.—A splendid feast
 Their king prepar'd, and hail'd his royal guest.
 On the third morn he to the warrior gave
 * The choice of combat, as befits the brave.
 To Trenmor's might the sons of Lochlin yield
 The well-disputed honors of the field,

The fourth grey morn arose; the early ray
 Gleam'd o'er the hills, and chac'd the clouds away.
 The hero parted from his generous host,
 And fought his vessel on the sea-beat coast.
 From far he heard the winds propitious rise,
 And saw the forest waving in the skies.

Before him stands a youth, supremely fair,
 With rosy cheek, and light-descending hair :

* This passage bears a great resemblance to the ancient customs of knight-errantry, when those adventurers, to shew their strength and dexterity, exercised themselves in Tilts and Tournaments.

Gay,

Gay, polish'd arms his beauteous frame adorn,

His eyes roll brightly like the radiant morn.

He thus began ; Ah, why does Trenmor shun

The strife of fame with aged Lonval's son ?

This sword has often laid the valiant low,

And war-fam'd heroes shun my fatal bow.

To him the monarch ; Can thy tender years

Engage with heroes in the strife of spears ?

Hence, with thy darts empierce the bounding roes,

But dare not, gentle youth ! my might oppose.

Ne'er will I quit thee, swiftly he replied,

Till thy bright falchion glitters by my side.

Fair maids, with love inspir'd, his name shall sound,

Who stretch'd great Trenmor breathless on the ground :

Amidst applauding thousands high I'll rear,

Far blazing to the sun, thy mighty spear.

Unhappy

Unhappy youth! incens'd, the king rejoin'd,
 How vain the hopes of thy presumptuous mind!
 This spear, which now thy idle words demand,
 Shall stretch thee breathless on thy native land.
 Thy mother, as she treads the fatal shore,
 Shall find her son, pale, weltring in his gore;
 And view my distant ship with streaming eyes,
 Light-bounding o'er the swelling billows rise.

He calmly thus return'd; Unus'd to wield
 The warlike lance, or lift the massy shield,
 Is Lonval's son — but from the bending bow
 My shafts unerring pierce the distant foe.
 If valor prompts thee, on the dusty ground
 Throw the bright mail that girds thy limbs around:
 I'll first my arms unbrace — now lift thy lance,
 Undaunted thus behold thy foe advance!

Morven's

Morven's brave king beheld with wond'ring eyes
 Beneath the mail her snowy breast arise :
 He saw the monarch's lovely sister stand
 Disclos'd to view—and from his mighty hand
 The huge spear fell loud-echoing on the ground—
 While crimson blushes spread his cheeks around.

Oft had the chief beheld the blooming maid,
 In all the charms of loveliness array'd.
 Fair to the sight, as to the captive's eyes,
 The sun's all-cheering beams, and azure skies ;
 Who many a livelong day had wish'd in vain
 To view the glorious source of light again

She thus began ; O warlike king ! remove
 A suppliant maid from Corlo's hateful love.
 Black as the clouds with thunder fraught, that roll
 O'er the lone desert is his gloomy soul.
 Ten thousand warriors wait on his commands,
 Their pointed lances glitter in their hands.

Morven's brave monarch calmly thus replied ;
 Here safely rest, and in my arm confide.
 From fields of fame thy Trenmor never flies,
 But him, and all his numerous host defies.

For three revolving days, at early morn
 The dauntless hero blew his founding horn.
 In vain—for Corlo shunn'd the proffer'd fight,
 And fled, confessing his superior might.
 The king of Lochlin, on the sandy coast,
 To daring Trenmor, and his martial host,
 Spread the gay feast ; then gave the blooming maid—
 Thus beauty's charms the toils of valor paid.

He ceas'd, nor longer struck the tuneful string :
 When thus FINGAL to Lochlin's gloomy king :
 A kindred blood to that whose currents flow
 Thro' thee, O Swaran ! animates thy foe.
 Oft have our great forefathers join'd in fight,
 For war and tumult gave their souls delight.

But

But when the dangers of the field were o'er,
 They feasted, and enjoy'd the social hour.
 Let thy face beam with pleasure's cheerful ray,
 And listen to the bard's harmonious lay.
 Dreadful in blazing arms I saw thee stand;
 Fierce, as waves bursting o'er thy rocky land.
 Hills, woods, and vales did thy strong voice rebound;
 Like shouting thousands was the mighty sound.
 Brother of Lochlin's fair! in peace depart;
 Still reigns her image in my faithful heart.
 Oft to my soul, bright as the noon-tide ray,
 She comes, and drives the clouds of grief away.
 Loose thy white sails, and guide thy valiant host
 At early dawn to Lochlin's rocky coast.—
 In Starno's halls when wild destruction reign'd,
 And reeking blood my flaming sword distain'd;
 For my lost fair when grief my soul possess'd,
 Tears dew'd my eyes, and vengeance steel'd my breast;

From thee, O chief! I turn'd the lifted blade ;
 From thee, the brother of the hapless maid!—
 Say, dost thou choose the combat of the brave?
 As thy great ancestor to Trenmor gave,
 Receive from me—Then shall thy might be shown,
 Thy strength confest, and fame be all thy own.
 Thou'lt quit the land in glory ; as the sun,
 Ere down the west of heaven his course is run,
 Skirts the gay clouds with variegated dyes,
 And pours a flood of splendor o'er the skies,

He thus replied ; In war I own thy might :
 No more shall Swaran dare thee to the fight.
 Few were thy years, O king! beyond my own,
 When first in Starno's halls thy force was known.
 Oft did I wish like thee to rear on high
 The weighty lance, far-blazing to the sky.
 To Morven's echoing coast in quest of fame,
 Thro' howling storms, and roaring seas I came.

The choice of glorious combat I obtain'd ;
 The feast was spread around, and pleasure reign'd.
 Nor feeble was my arm ; e'en thee I chose,
 And dar'd on Malmor's heath thy might oppose.
 Arise, ye bards ! the noble contest sing,
 * How Swaran strove with Morven's mighty king.
 Since Lochlin's hapless sons, untimely slain,
 Lie pale on Lena's blood-empurpled plain ;

* The Author has avoided making any remarks on the beauties of particular passages in Ossian ; as they must be obvious to every person of taste, and the multiplying frivolous notes pays but a bad compliment to the reader's judgment.—However, there appears something so beautiful in this Dialogue, that he cannot avoid expatiating on it.—Swaran, though vanquished both by the valor and generosity of FINGAL, still retains some part of his former haughtiness and ferocity—He praises FINGAL, but will not condescend to own him as his superior—He speaks with joy of their strife on Malmor as a glorious contest, and tells the Bards in an equivocal manner, “ *To send him who overcame to future years ;*” and offers his ships to him as a token of friendship, not of submission. FINGAL answers him in a noble and heroic manner, that he will take neither his ships nor land from him, but be contented with his own desert country. Thus gently rebuking his ill-timed pride, and in a covert manner reprimanding him for invading another's territories.—Swaran, with his usual pride, bids them “ *raise the mossy stones over those that fell, that then future hunters would know the place, and their fame last forever.*” FINGAL, wise through experience, indulges not himself in such vain expectations—He moralizes on their transient glory, and observes, that their actions would seem but as a dream to future times—That their tombs would moulder away, and the song alone, if that remained, preserve their names from oblivion.—This specimen is sufficient to shew, with what exquisite skill, Ossian preserves his heroes characters, which are all strongly marked, and by some peculiarity discriminated from each other.

These, their swift vessels shall with speed convey
 Thy friends to Morven o'er the watry way :
 And if thy sons, thro' seas where tempests roar,
 Shall guide their barks to Lochlin's rocky shore ;
 With joy, the gallant warriors I'll receive,
 And on the plain the choice of combat give.

Ne'er shall thy ships convey my valiant host,
 The king replied, to Morven's sea-beat coast ;
 Nor shall FINGAL e'er cross the watry plain,
 T' extend his sway o'er Lochlin's wide domain :
 For me sufficient is the shady grove,
 And my brown deer that thro' the forest rove.
 Soon as the sun dispels the clouds of night,
 And streaks the eastern clouds with rosy light,
 Spread thy white sails, thou brother of my love !
 And far from Erin's fatal plains remove.

In peace thou'rt gentle, cried the Lochlin king,
 As the soft breezes of the budding spring.

In war, like storms, that when bleak winter reigns,

Roar thro' the deserts, and deform the plains.

To thee, with joy my willing hand I plight ;

Henceforth may friendship thus our hearts unite !

Let thy bards pour the solemn-breathing strain,

And praise my valiant friends in battle slain :

Let their high tombs to future ages show,

That chiefs of mighty fame repose below.

Then shall the children of the north behold,

Where their forefathers fought in days of old.

The hunter, as he treads his lonely way,

Awhile will stop, and deeply-musing say ;

“ FINGAL and Swaran, chiefs of ancient days,

Here bravely fought !” — And thus recall our praise.

The king replied ; To-day we live renown'd,

And our great actions are with glory crown'd :

To-morrow like a dream, or blast of wind,

They'll fleet away, nor leave a trace behind.

We soon shall cease to fire our troops to arms,
 No fields will echo to our loud alarms.
 Some future hunter, musing o'er the plain,
 Will seek our mould'ring tombs, but seek in vain!
 Our names may flourish in the grateful lay,
 But all our strength in arms will fade away!
 Arise, ye bards! whom thoughts sublime inspire,
 Pour the soft strain, and touch the warbling lyre:
 On the sweet sound let night more swiftly fly,
 And morn with pleasure gild the eastern sky!

We gave the song; an hundred harps around,
 With quivering strings accompanied the sound.
 With beams of gladness Swaran's features glow;
 * Returning joy dispels the clouds of woe.
 As when thro' mists that shade the silent night,
 The full-orb'd moon emits her silver light;

* *Discussæ umbræ lux reddita menti est.*

VIRGIL

By slow degrees she clears the gloomy scene,
And rolls along in majesty serene.

When thus FINGAL; Say, where deprest with grief,
Far from his friends flies Erin's generous chief?
Semo's brave son, like stars when clouds arise,
In darkness sets.—Sage Carril thus replies :

In Tura's cave he mourns, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
His faded honor, and diminish'd fame.
The sword of battle that he us'd to wield,
When glory crown'd him in the martial field,
To thee he sends; for like a storm, thy might
Has driven the valiant, and consum'd the fight.
Fled is Cuchullin's glory, matchless king!
Fled like the mist before the whirlwind's wing.
Take then, brave monarch! take his beaming sword,
For vanish'd is the fame of Erin's lord.

Ne'er

Ne'er shall FINGAL, replied the hero, wield
 Cuchullin's falchion in th' embattled field.
 His fame shall flourish, and extend afar,
 For strong and mighty was his arm in war.
 Oftimes the conquer'd are with glory crown'd,
 The brave may fall — but yet they fall renown'd.
 Let grief, O king ! no more thy breast annoy,
 Forget thy sorrow, and depart in joy.
 How many heroes vanquish'd in the fight,
 Awhile have yielded to superior might ;
 Then, like the sun behind a cloud arose,
 Regain'd their glory, and consum'd their foes ! —
 Fierce Grumal dwelt on Morven's echoing shore,
 Beside where Cona's foaming waters roar.
 His dauntless soul rejoic'd in loud alarms,
 In fields of slaughter, and the clang of arms.
 His ships, in Craca's sounding bay he moor'd,
 To seize the daughter of its martial lord.

From

From the dark grove, where rose the mystic ring
Of craggy stones came Craca's fiery king.

Three days with equal force the chiefs engage,
When Grumal fell beneath the monarch's rage.

His foes with hard-strain'd thongs the warrior bound,
And then confin'd him, where the rocks around

In magic circle rose — there, oft complain,

The ghosts in midnight's solitary reign,

And gliding frequent round their stone of fear,

With hollow shrieks affray the listning ear.

At length releas'd, he shone unmatched in fight,

Craca's brave heroes funk beneath his might :

* He seiz'd the beauteous maid—immortal fame

The chief acquir'd, and glory crowns his name.

* We may find by this speech of FINGAL's, that acts of piracy, if bravely executed, redounded rather to the credit, than disgrace of the performers. That all the northern nations mentioned in History acted upon this principle, seems to be pretty evident from their constant irruption into other kingdoms without a previous declaration of war, or giving any reason for those acts of hostility. The manners of the Greeks at the time of the Trojan war, were nearly the same.—We find Ulysses telling Eumæus, whose compassion he wanted to raise, “ That he delighted in battle — that he procured riches by piracy, and gained esteem and reverence among the Cretans on account of it.” Hom. Ody. B. 14. l. 220.—Thucydides observes, that in his time, the profession of piracy was reckoned honorable in some parts of Greece.

Ye

Ye hoary bards ! awake the strain sublime,
 And sing of heroes fam'd in ancient time.
 Strike, Ullin, to our praise thy tuneful string,
 And cheer the soul of Lochlin's mighty king.

He said ; at once an hundred harps resound,
 At once an hundred voices rise around—
 But I no more shall hear the Poet's lays,
 No more shall listen to my father's praise !
 Sadly I muse along our desert shore,
 But hear the harp, and lofty strain no more !
 In death's dark cave the hoary bard is laid,
 And great FINGAL a visionary shade !

Faint in the east appears the dawn of day,
 High Cromla glimmers to the trembling ray.
 Swaran's loud horn re-echoes thro' the plain :
 Silent and sad towards the roaring main
 His warriors move ; they loose their whitening sails,
 And float like watry mists before the gales.

When

When thus FINGAL ; Prepare the deer to chace,
Call my fleet dogs to urge the rapid race.

Let nimble Bran his snow-white bosom rear,
And bounding Luath's furly strength appear.

Ryno and Fillan — cease ye streaming eyes !

In the dark grave my lovely Ryno lies !

Fillan, and Fergus, let my horn resound

Thro' the dark wood, and pathless wilds around :

My brave companions shall with pleasure hear,

While struck with terror pant the timorous deer.

The loud blast echoed thro' the leafy wood ;
Before their king the sons of Morven stood.

From the fierce dogs the rapid deer in vain

Bound o'er the hills, and sweep along the plain.

Three fell by Bran, which in the monarch's fight

He drew, to give the warrior's foul delight,

One deer before the panting greyhound fell,
Where Ryno slumber'd in his peaceful cell.

FINGAL

FINGAL beheld, his tears began to flow ;
 Thus o'er the silent tomb he pour'd his woe.

See, where the foremost in the rapid race
 Sleeps in the grave, regardless of the chace !
 Around thee soon the spiry grafs will rise,
 Shade thy grey tomb, and mock enquiring eyes.
 In future times there will the feeble tread,
 Unconscious, fearless of the mighty dead.—
 Let us, my friends ! seek Erin's mournful chief,
 Calm his vex'd Mind, and mitigate his grief.
 Lo ! Tura's walls before our sight appear,
 And high to heaven their moss-crown'd summits rear.
 Thro' the lone halls a solemn silence reigns ;
 No more they echo joy's enchanting strains :
 For sorrow clouds the mighty chief, whose praise
 They oft resounded in his happier days.
 But say, O Fillan ! for the winds arise,
 Does Erin's leader meet thy father's eyes ?

He

He thus replied ; Thy gallant friend appears,
 And sorrow stamp'd upon his visage bears.
 Hail son of battle !—Thus with woe deprest,
 The valiant chief his mournful speech addrest.

Hail generous youth ! and heroes fam'd afar !
 All hail FINGAL, great ruler of the war !
 Thou, like the sun, in one superior round,
 While no companion of thy course is found,
 In splendor rollest—as the stars of night
 Shoot their bright rays, and shed their borrow'd light,
 Thy sons at distance emulate thy course ;
 Glorious their fame, and mighty is their force !
 Not thus, O king renown'd hast thou beheld
 Thy friend in sorrow quit th' embattled field ;
 Not thus inglorious did I meet thy view,
 When from my rage the * world's proud monarch flew.

* This alludes to some former battle, in which Cuchullin encounter'd the Romans.—The Roman Emperor is distinguished in old compositions by the title of *King of the World*.

To him, insulting, Connan thus replied ;
 Great are thy words, and wondrous is thy pride !
 Thou hapless leader of a vanquish'd host !
 Answer thy actions to the haughty boast ?
 Unaw'd by fear, by dangers undismay'd,
 Thro' stormy seas we hasten to thy aid ;
 Thou seek'st the lonely cave ; whilst we oppose
 The adverse host, and Connan fights thy foes !
 Tongue-valiant chief, to me resign thy arms ;
 Thee, fame inspires not, nor bright glory charms :
 Heroes to my superior might shall yield,
 And Connan blaze the terror of the field !

With dark brow frowning, and with eyes on fire,
 Indignant thus Cuchullin vents his ire.
 No chief in war renown'd e'er fought to gain,
 (And had a thousand fought, it were in vain)
 My flaming arms.—Weak boy ! I never fled,
 'Till Erin's sons lay mingled with the dead,

When

When sternly thus FINGAL to Connan cried :
 Cease thy proud vaunt, and curb thy idle pride.
 Know, thou inglorious youth, Cuchullin's name
 Shall live forever in the voice of fame.
 Oft have I heard, O chief ! the sounding lay
 Proclaim thy prowess in the deathful day.
 Haste, son of Semo ! bid thy rowers sweep
 With sinewy arms the hoarse-resounding deep ;
 Till thy dark rocks, and waving woods arise
 Like dusky mists before their longing eyes.
 With pleasure meet thy lov'd Bragela's fight,
 Who, leaning on some rock's projecting height,
 Thinks that she hears thy * warriors cheerful sound,
 And rolls in vain her aching eyes around.
 High beats her heart ; her waving tresses flow
 In sable ringlets round her breast of snow.

* The practice of finging when they row is universal among the inhabitants of the north-west coast of Scotland, and the Isles. It deceives time, and inspirits the rowers.

MACPHERSON.

N

Incessant

Incessant tears her rosy cheeks bedew,
Till thou, her much-lov'd hero, meet her view.

In vain she waits, the mournful chief replies,
Ne'er shall Cuchullin meet Bragela's eyes.
How can I see my fair with grief deprest,
Mourn my lost fame, and raise her throbbing breast!
O king of Morven! till this shameful fight,
Fame crown'd my deeds, unequal'd was my might.

Again, replied the king, my valiant friend!
Conquest and glory shall thy steps attend.
As round some stately oak's aspiring head,
The waving boughs their leafy honors spread,
Thy fame shall flourish.—Bring the slaughter'd deer,
My sons! and for the genial feast prepare.
With plenteous beverage let our shells o'erflow,
Nor be the mighty soul deprest with woe.

The feast was spread around ; which we prolong
 With cheerful words, and heart-enlivening song.
 Cuchullin's soul arose — with keen delight
 He hears his praise, and recollects his might.
 With aged Carril hoary Ullin sings:
 I often struck the loud resounding strings,
 And sung of former wars, and chiefs of old—
 Of chiefs, whom I alas, no more behold!
 No dear companions of my youth remain,
 Sad, o'er their graves I pour the plaintive strain!

With tuneful songs we pass'd the night away,
 And hail'd with pleasure the returning day.
 FINGAL strode forth his martial troops before,
 His huge lance glitter'd o'er the sandy shore.
 Behind him, bright in arms his numerous host,
 Like fiery vapors gleam'd along the coast.
 Spread, cried the monarch, spread each swelling sail,
 And catch from Lena's heath th' auspicious gale.

The troops with joy receive their king's command,
They loose their ships, and quit the fatal land.
Swift from our sight recedes the less'ning shore;
Beneath our prows the foamy waters roar;
Light o'er the swelling waves our vessels bound,
And with our songs the rocks and seas resound.

F I N I S.

